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INDIA SPECIAL NUMBER

MRS. E. L. PORTER, Editor, Rawalpindi, India.

TO INDIA.

Land of the shimmering sea and stately palm,
Recurrent restlessness, majestic calm,
Land of the sun-parched plain and snow-pearled peak,
Sublimely strong, pathetically weak!
Land of unfathomed age, yet fount of youth,
Swiftest yet slowest in the Quest for Truth!
Of old, in cell and cave and hermitage,
In forest dim dwelt many a saintly sage
Striving by prayer and penance for the key
To open the door of **Karma** and be free.
Yet millions now bow down to wood and stone
That haply they may find the great Unknown;
"Land of the Quest, I hear within thy breast
The throb of that great heart that yearns for rest.
I come to claim thee," thus the Master saith,
"I am the goal of all thy groping faith,
Thy longing and thy love, Come unto Me.
Thy quest is ended. I can make thee free."

Selected.

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PREFACE.

The India numbers for the past few years have contained much of solid reading matter. It has required concentrated thought to digest the material and reduce it to action in missionary activity. Such mental stimulus is needed, frequently, and the facts must not be let slip; but going on the assumption that solid food is not the only thing necessary to growth, we are presenting you this year with some of the garnishing, a little bit of whipped cream, something to please the fancy, and thus insure a keener appetite for essentials.

In this number we have tried to give you a view of Indian life from various angles. It is not so much an attempt to instruct, as to entertain; to gain your sympathy, and to make you love India as we love her. It will not take you long to read the whole number. There is nothing in it which needs to tax your memory and we will not even finish up with a "Quiz," that bug-bear of timid souls who sometimes come to missionary meeting.

You may then if you wish compare it to the gloom of a dense tropical jungle with the sunshine glinting through revealing many a gem in its shy retreat; the flittings of the birds of paradise with their flame and flash of color as they catch the sunlight; or to the proud spreading of the peacock's tail as he struts in his own domain.

But this picture fails to give the whole idea, and we look again to see the same jungle on a moonlight night. The foliage is so dense that even the brightness of an Eastern moon cannot penetrate very far, and the fireflies darting hither and yon give their tiny light for a second and are gone.

Thus we have the darkness and the light—the gloom and the shining—the monotonous drab and the vivid color—the sumptuous wealth and the most abject poverty—the snow-clad hills and the scorching plains—all uniting to make a mosaic of seducing charm and endless variation. India! How can one attempt to describe her to those who know nothing of her fascination.

Some will read and soon forget. Others we know of—understanding souls—will read and ponder. It is to these that we would dedicate the following pages—Editor for India.

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A SUMMER VACATION IN KASHMIR

By Miss Ella McArthur.

EVEN in early May, to those not inured, physically, mentally, or spiritually to India's heat, the journey into Kashmir is a flight. There have been nights when tantalizing spatters of rain have driven you in with bed and baggage; and baked, dead air has driven you out; and finally a dust storm has settled the matter. Each time, as you tucked your mosquito net about you, and so bottled up the air already vitiated from heat and the breath of a third of a billion other folks, you have declared with vicious emphasis to the assembled sandflies and mosquitoes that they might enjoy themselves while—they—could!

The motor road into Kashmir runs for a couple of hundred miles across the plains with the snowy mountains on your right. The flame-colored blossoms of the twisted, dusty, desert-like trees along the splendid level roadway give pleasure, but your eyes rest upon the snow line, beyond which lies the Valley of Kashmir.

The road, leaving the Plains, climbs up and up through splendid pines to the Pass, and then drops ever so swiftly to the level of the Jhelum whose waters have, first, broken a path through the great hills. The Jhelum of the Plains is familiar, wide, slow, glistening in the May heat; but here are waters angry, foaming, vexed with their delay. Pink oleanders bloom along the water's edge, purple and white iris on the road's narrow margin, and on the mountain sides wild roses, barberry and jasmine.

At Baramulla the motor flashes out

suddenly into the Valley of Kashmir. The eye seeking rest has found it. For thirty miles to Srinagar, midway the valley's length, the road curves, with slender poplars on either side reaching delicate finger tips up toward the soft-hued sky. Blue grass and white clover-faces clothe the ground. The Jhelum now lies blue and calm in the midst of its long narrow valley. Wheat fields, turning golden, are splashed with scarlet poppies. Bent figures singing the unending refrain of the rice song, stand half-to-the-knees in water as they transplant the young rice. Thatched roofs of quaint brown houses may be green with grass or purple with wild flags. Villages lie sheltered in the shade of locust, English walnut, or the plane trees, giant Eastern cousins of our sycamores. On either side, rimming the narrow valley, are the mountains, mountains bare, earth giants, sleeping calmly in the sunshine; mountains richly forested with birch and maple, pines and deodars; mountains towering up into the sky with great rocky heads; mountain ranges gleaming with snow fields and glaciers.

Srinagar is reached almost too soon, for the delights of the road are many and varied. This city of 133,000 hugs the broad bosom of the Jhelum on both its banks, and the river is alive with water craft of all discriptions, reminding one of Venice. In the little dusty shops which over hang the river's edge are beauties of carved wood, shawls so fine and soft that they will slip through a women's ring, embroideries inspired by the twistings of the river and the coloring of the flowers, rough jade from China, lapis lazuli and turquoise brought by yak or pony from Thibet, pearls from Persia, black opals from Russia, and crystal from the glaciers.

Nasim Bagh, Garden of Breezes, on the Dhal Lake beyond Srinagar, is the favorite valley-level camping ground of the mothers and children of the American missionary family of North India. In the shade of the great plane trees, planted for a Moghul Emperor's camp, tents are pitched. Fertile valley lands lie in the background, colorful lake in front, and at the left the mountain wall sweeping in and separating the lake from the Jhelum.

Life falls into a routine, children must have lessons. You may go to the city in your small boat with its four-poster canopied effect over head, or across the lake to climb some mountain, or to visit one of the old Moghul gardens on the Lake's further shore, but the real business of American housewives here is the drying of fruit, for Kashmir abounds in fruits dear to American palates. Forgotten are the various depredations of cows and crows and hungry dogs when you go blithely back to the Plains in the Fall, carrying your bags of "home fruits."

The Lake is lovely in its coloring, so often blue beyond belief, a mirror for mountain wall and fringing tree line. In its shallower parts dense masses of greenery lie beneath your boat, "cat-tail" growths reach out into its waters, and here reed birds chatter, or mud hens dart away. A small brilliant turquoise and bronze kingfisher hangs, suspended on beating wings, for a long instant above his prey. Great beds of lotus, the fragrant pink water lily, lie about the Lake. In season, heaped boat-loads of these are cut daily and carried to the Maharajah's palace, where they are thrown into the river as part of his worship, an offering to the river god.

Perhaps you cross to Shalimar. Your boatman loiters as you pass the floating gardens built up from the slimy under-

GROUP OF KASHMIRI WOMEN AND CHILDREN—OLD WOMAN SPINNING.

growth of the Lake, or in passing the big but clumsy looking house-boats for tourists, and the native house-boats, year-round-homes for the fisherman and his family. You may loiter again to watch the fisherman as he swings his wide net which falls so quietly with its shower of fine spray, upon the smooth water.

The waters of Kashmir are no small part of the Valley's great charm. Self restraint is required to pass by Wular and Mansabal in silence. You may go

by boat up the Jhelum to the Valley's farther end, the eye charmed by each new view in the river's windings. And then, one of many possible journeys, up the Liddar, a tributary of the Jhelum, to its source in glacier-fed Shisha Nag, 12,000 feet above the sea. Wee villages in deep shade are passed. At night the camp is pitched in a grassy commons, threaded through with pebbled waterways and sheltered by fine trees. The valley and its rich fields fall behind, and the trail follows the river's steeper windings. Wild pink hollyhocks and clematis bloom along the way, and great growths of wild roses festoon the trees. You may have wearied of belaboring a pony, and dismounted to go faster on your own feet despite shortness of breath, your *syce* meanwhile grinning covertly over his pony's cleverness.

Up and up goes the trail for five or six days, and camp is set up under great pines in a wee triangle of open ground at the junction of the two streams rushing in to form the Liddar. At night only a small patch of brilliant star-lit sky stands over head, and the roar of the water fills the ears. The next day lovely gentians are found, fringed and of many varieties, columbines, edelweiss in abundance, delicate bluebells in the crevices of the great rocks, tiny white "pinks" and one blue Alpine poppy. On the open meadow two miles above the sea are masses of golden flowers, wee faces toward the welcome sun, and that night the camp is above the birches with only scanty juniper for fuel while the water of the roaring stream makes the fingers ache. Another day discloses a lake lying in its deep cone in the loneliness of the great mountain tops. It is fed by hurrying lines of water leaping down from the glaciers on the mountains above.

Another glimpse of mountain tops in October when hopes of late flowers called. The beautiful soft deodars have been seen set now, as it were, with hundreds of tiny cone candles for Christmas lighting. Wee hand-breadth fields are ripening corn here and there, and through these the farmer must go at night with his blazing pine knot to frighten away the bears who love the corn "in milk."

At the top of the Pass were it not for the clouds you would look down into the valley of the Sindh beyond, and back, over the valley proper. But with the clouds come biting winds, rain and snow, and the realization that your tent has gone astray. No flowers, no view, no tent, and snow on the mountain top! A clever *syce* beckons down to where he sees a herds man's deserted hut. The situation is lovely, the log hut stands on a narrow shelf with towering evergreens above, and dropping swiftly from view down the mountain's steep side below. But the unhappy fact remains that the Kashmiri herdsman prefers to take his cattle to rest with him.

Here, though, is a smoky fire and no little shelter from the chilling wind and snow. The hut is only partially closed on three sides, the fourth quite open. The gusts of wind fill the eyes with smoke, but if a move is made to avoid the smoke, that is the point where the melting snow has decided to make its way through the mud roof with its covering of boughs. And, the olfactory nerves will not be gain-said!

At night the clouds break away and the trees stand revealed with their weight of soft snow, charming you with memories of American winters, and you gloat over the vision of the morrow. Early afternoon brings the sun, and you stand among the fleeing clouds on the mountain top. The air is sharp and ex-

hilarating. Suddenly glittering peaks, near at hand, come out of the hurrying clouds to meet the enraptured gaze, and the view across the length of the Sindh valley catches the breath. Down, down the steep forested mountain side with its linking hills, and through the drifting clouds glimpses of the silvery Sindh and its fields and villages; and then up to the folding ranges beyond, peak on peak, line on line, sparkling with new snow; radiant, wonderful, vast, in calm silence, piercing beauty and majesty....

* * * *

All this of nature's beauty in Kashmir. Untold the story of shackling custom, of graft, ignorance, cowardice, crushing poverty, unspeakable filth, ravaging disdisease, and corroding sin. A man's word is his immediate convenience. You gaze touched at the sight of hundreds of Mohammedans gathered weekly at a little mosque on the lake's edge, touched at the sight of these men at prayer, so devout, reverential, suppliant. But the spectacle over, there comes the assurance that this is a mere formality, and bears no relation to truth, honor or purity of life.

On the Anchar Lake our children had been gathering the waxy Anchar lilies with their fragrance of tea roses, when an open boat load of women came suddenly across the way. One or two were plainly Thibetans, several were covered over with ashes. Their uncovered heads and boldness of manner aroused an instinctive shrinking. Before startled eyes they began to sing, and clap their hands, possibly only in recognition of Western children, always loved by the people of India; but such demeanor is impossible for an Eastern woman from several angles. In reply to our amazed faces the boatmen said these were women travelling from temple to temple, a week here, ten days there. Slowly came the understanding, these were women dedicated to the gods.

Cholera, ever lurking, came upon Srinagar in its most malignant form. The people, fatalistic always, were helpless, hopeless. At first it failed to reach the little village of Hazratbal on the Lake's edge. The Maharajah discovered that the gods would be appeased only when worshippers came with water pots filled from the waters in front of this same village. These were to be emptied into a sacred well on a hill near the city. So the procession came, the sick and the well from far and near, from villages yet untouched and from those where the disease raged. Water pot after water pot was poured into this well from which all drank, and the disease received the impetus it had not needed.

* * * * *

Shining centers of light in Srinagar are the Hospital and Tyndale-Biscoe school under English missionary control. Hundreds are treated daily in the Hospital, suffering is relieved, and God's message for the curing of souls is read and lived. Villages back in the mountain fastnesses know of the skill and goodness of Dr. Neve and his assistants.

The school does a like work for boys along educational lines. Emphasis is placed upon physical training, formerly scorned as fit only for menials; and with this, moral training, pointing always to our God able to change a self-satisfied and cruel Saul into one of "those who serve." The leaders against corruption in high places, against age-old and destructive marriage customs, for civic cleanliness and for higher standards of personal life come, in great measure, from the boys and teachers of this school.

Shall we not pray that the vise-like grip of custom may be broken, and that

the lives and prayers of these devoted and fearless English men and women may bear fruit in avowedly Christian lives? That the prodigal beauty of Nature all around them may create in them a desire for the beauty of holiness, and that they may come to know the One who is altogether lovely.

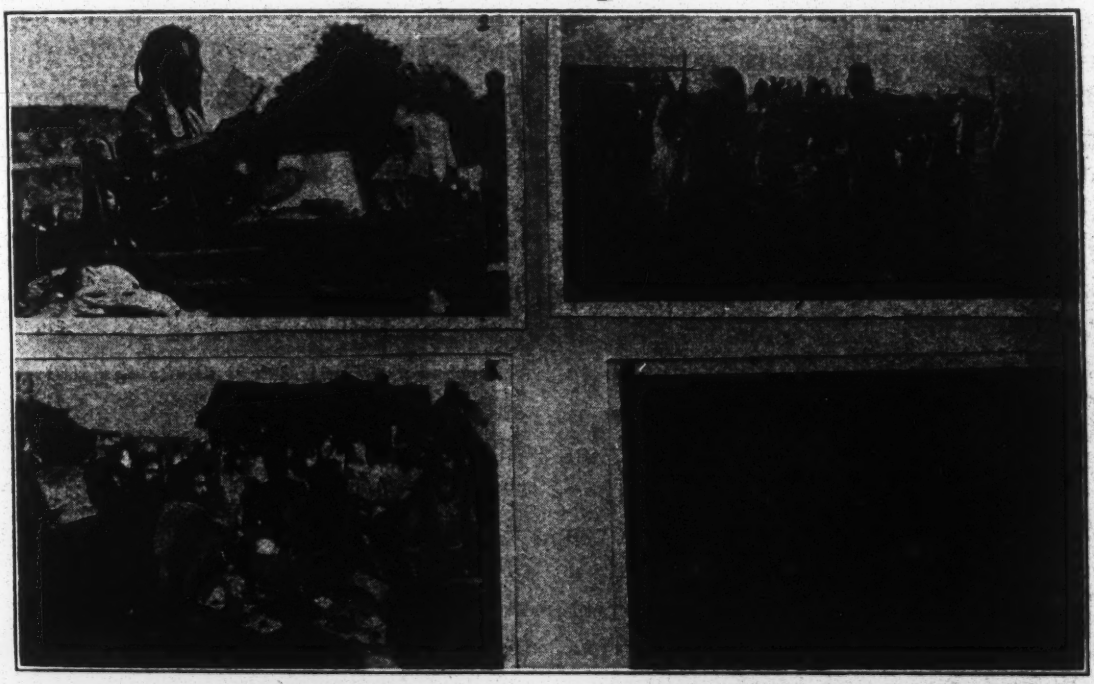
GULLA SHAH MELA

By Rev. E. V. Clements.

ALL roads lead to Gulla Shah Mela the first ten days in October so let us also go. The seven miles of dusty road between Pasrur mission station and the mela grounds are soon covered by motor. For more than a mile before we reach the place we see a great bronze-colored cloud. It looks as though a dust storm was coming but it is only the dust stirred up by the multitudes of men and cattle moving about.

We soon become a part of this seething multitude and slowly work our way along the lanes between long lines of cattle, buffaloes, cows and horses which have been brought here for sale. For over thirty years trading has been one of the notable features of this mela. Government has capitalized the opportunity and affords certain facilities to the trading parties, and in turn receives a fee on each sale.

We push on in towards the center of things and soon find ourselves in the bazaars, the most striking of which is the candy bazaar. Here we see most ornamental and giant candy displays. The Punjabi loves candy. Scattered here and there in the bazaars are the side shows advertising themselves with clanging cymbals, roaring drums and shouting men. One fellow is drawing the crowd to his show by mocking the Englishman. He wears a high silk hat and long-tailed coat and especially features a cigarette and gaudy tie. This is all to the great amusement of the crowd.



1. Faqir sitting on spikes, Melas.
2. Bathing in the Ganges, Melas.
3. Hindu "Holy men" at a Melas.
4. Hindu religious drama, Melas.

What is that crowd doing over there under that big shelter tent? They are

listening to strange things about one, Jesus Christ. The impassioned preaching, the striking testimony, the singing of Psalms with great fervor, catch and hold thousands of the passing multitudes. Our thoughts at once go back to our beloved Brandon, who, while on this very work was seized with cholera and passed away in a few hours. We cannot even glance into the other bazaars, the moving pictures, the circus, nor can we talk long with the many groups, for we want to see the heart of this mela.

So come along to a walled place with a gate. People are crowding in through this little gate, and others are pushing out. There are four graves inside, before which the people are worshiping, but honor is especially given to one—the grave of a famous Mohammedan priest who died 150 years ago. Who was this man about where this great mela centers?

Gulla Shah was a poor weaver who came over into this district to harvest wheat. He was weak in body, so it is said, and had hardly strength enough to lift a big bundle of wheat and carry it on his head. God especially helped him so that when he lifted the bundles they themselves would fly up and hover over his head to the threshing floor. He then tramped out the grain with his own feet instead of with cattle. He cleaned the wheat and ground it in the mill (the women's job). He gave it to the poor. He would also take a large earthen jar and carry water from the distant well for helpless people. His fame spread far and wide, and people began to worship him. He soon had many disciples, and among them a young woman from a village three miles away. Gulla Shah got around the great difficulty of having this young woman around by calling her his mother. So one of the four graves is that of "The Mother." The other two are those of famous disciples of Gulla Shah who became so great that people worshipped them also. The mela, started in the life-time of Gulla Shah, still goes on, but every year the commercial and social aspects increase, and only a small porportion of the vast throng who attend the mela worship at the tombs.

THE KETAS MELA

By Miss Mary E. Logan.

BACK in the dim and rather misty ages of Hindu legend, it is said that Sheva was so inconsolable on account of the death of his wife Sati, that the tears rained from his eyes forming the two sacred pools, Ketas in Jhelum District and Pushkara in Ajmere 450 miles distant.

The pool at Ketas is surrounded by the ruins of twelve old Hindu temples. There are also traces of a Buddhist stupa. The pool is about two hundred feet long by one hundred and fifty feet wide. It is fed by springs within itself and the people say it is bottomless. By actual measurement the deepest place is twenty three feet.

How far back its history as a place of worship goes I do not know, but for more than two thousand years it has been regarded as a holy place. As many as 40,000 pilgrims gather here to bathe and worship at the time of the great Spring festival, or mela of Baisakh. As the time of the annual mela draws near, the rail way authorities find difficulty in providing accommodation for the throngs of worshipers. Some desiring to gain the added merit of a wearisome pilgrimage come on foot.

From the nearestrailway station, a narrow but well made government road leads thirteen miles over the mountain to the mela site. In this distance it makes an

ascent of 1500 feet. The scenery is wild and rugged and the mountains almost bare of vegetation. This road presents a busy scene during the opening days of the mela. Bands of faqirs in yellow robes and with long unkempt hair, pass along. There are also faqirs of the Naga sect, naked except for the slight covering required by law, with bodies smeared with ashes and ochre, and caste signs on their foreheads.

Well-dressed men wearing big white turbans pass on horseback. Family parties of serious faced men and women carrying babies and small children, travel on foot. Native springless carts drawn by weary horses and often very much over loaded, climb the steep way. Aristocratic family parties mounted in swinging baskets on either side of camels, go jauntily by. Parties of men and boys out for a good time sing along the way. Two rude springless carts are occupied by a little band of missionaries with the smallest possible camping outfit and several thousand copies of the Scriptures for sale.

At a little stone bridge two miles from the mela grounds, conveyances are left and the rest of the journey made on foot. The road on is narrow and steep. It lies over hills that are covered with olive trees. On one side is a garden where roses are cultivated for *atter*, and at the time of the mela they are in full bloom. On up it leads to the beautiful grounds of the Government Rest House. The waters of the sacred pool give but superficial and temporary cleansing to the sin-burdened pilgrims, I fear, but they make the country road about as a Garden of Eden for beauty.

The pool itself is higher in the ravine and the site about it made desolate by the ruins of the old temples. Stone steps lead down to the water. The approaches are divided and the various sects have their appointed place for bathing. Certain days are allotted to the great sects. Screens set aside the bathing quarters of the women from those of the men. Wire netting has been placed at a safe distance below the surface of the water to support any who may get into dangerous depths. A strong police force guards against contention for precedence, and the British officers of the district are present to help keep the peace.

Off at one side naked faqirs sit inside little circles of fire in order to heighten the impression of their holiness. The crowds surge to and fro, and among them the missionaries jostle and are jostled as they go about with their precious burden of books.

THE MAGH MELA

By Miss A. Laura Cleland.

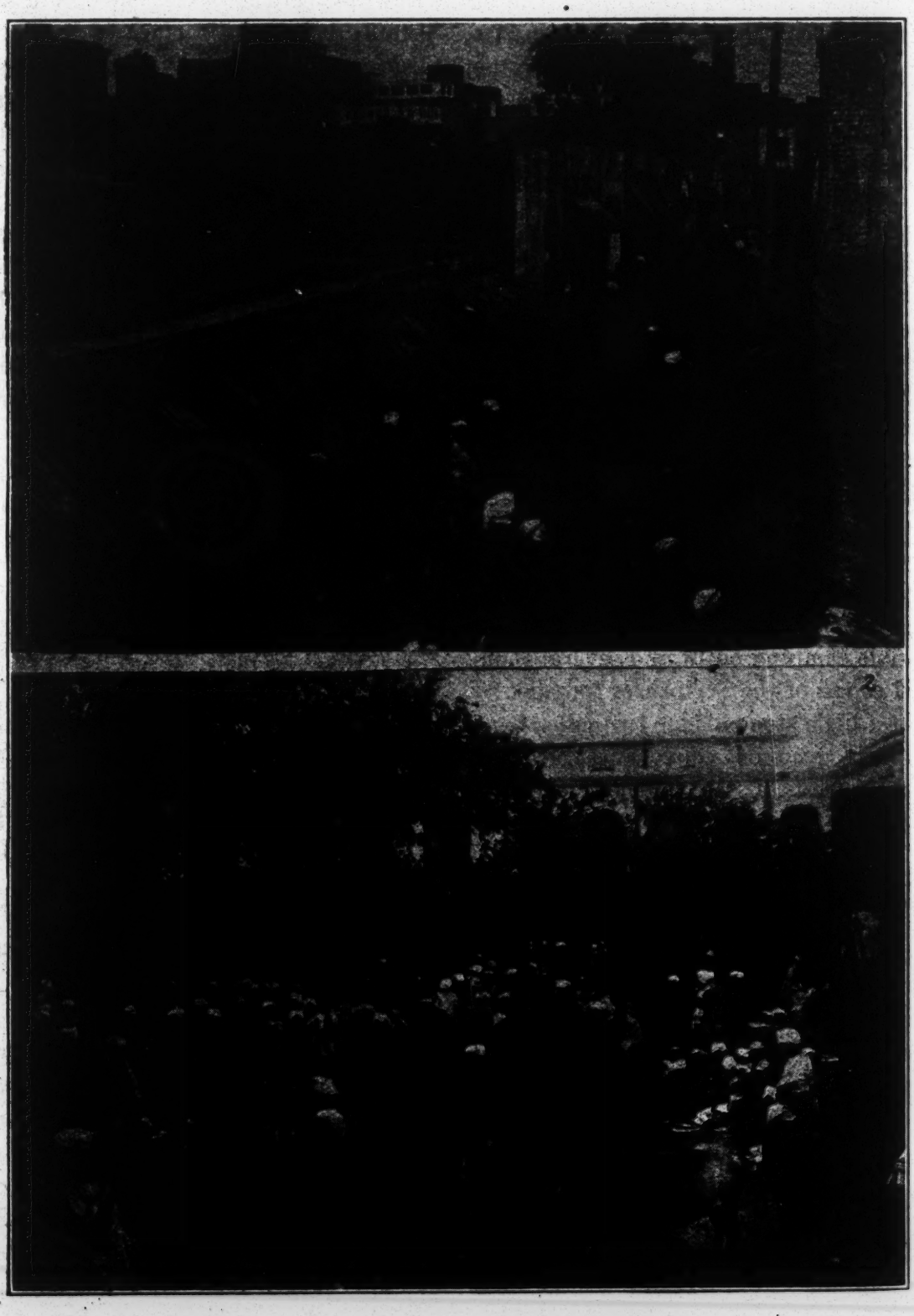
PICTURE a pretty river, all blue, or light green or dark green, according to the light falling on it; then another muddy river that flows into it, but for some time the clear and the muddy water flow side by side without mingling. These are the Ganges and the Jumna.

The Ganges is considered more efficacious for sin cleansing, but whether the muddiness of its water is the cause of its efficacy or the result of the many washings in its water, I did not learn.

Allahabad is the place where these sacred rivers meet and where is held every year a great mela (or religious festival), when people come from all over India to wash away their sins in these waters. What adds still more to the efficacy of the place is that a third river, the Sarasvati, that flows for a time above ground, but becoming so ashamed for the sins of men disappears from sight for a time, here reappears and joins the

other two rivers. There is a mark on the wall to show where the Sarasvati appears, but the man whom I asked if there was any truth in the rumour said, "As far as I know there is nothing but a sewer comes out there!"

Crowds of people had come to the mela, some on the train and some on



1. One of the bazaars in the winter capital Jammos, Kashmir.
2. A Good Crowd in the courtyard of the court house in Jammos, Kashmir.

foot. We talked to women who told us they had walked for days to get there, and they were tired and their feet were blistered and swollen.

Far-seeing merchants, recognizing the opportunity presented by the crowds, build little shacks in which they exhibit their wares, or spread their little stock out on a cloth on the ground, tying it up in a bundle and taking it home with them at night. There are plenty of things to tempt the pilgrim to spend his money. As one goes along the road leading across the sand to the river's edge, one passes a long line of shops on either side. Cloth of the gayest colors is spread out, or hung on lines stretched across the shop. Tin trunks, some of them painted in bright colors or decorated with gaudy flowers, would suggest to the passer-by that he might buy any of the wares that are on sale and get a perfectly beautiful box in which to carry them home. Bottles, and metal receptacles for carrying away some of the sacred water, knives, trinkets, baubles of many kinds, were offered for sale. One man seated on the ground had, piled up on a cloth before him, pigments of what seemed to me the most beautiful shades I had ever seen.

But there were other ways to spend money. Row after row of beggars implored the passer-by for alms, called attention to his infirmity, if he or she were fortunate (?) enough to possess one, or kept calling out the name of his god, "Ram, Ram, Ram" or "Sita, Sita" scarcely pausing for breath.

One man had dressed some children up as idols, giving them false faces, and had them sing for the edification of those who would listen. One man lay on a bed of spikes, another sat in a circle of fires. Another man went through what were to this on looker at least most terrifying contortions. He twisted his leg in the shape of a figure eight, so that his foot was up about his chest, and he put his leg up his back, over his shoulder from the rear, and around his neck making a garland of it!

Another man had a young cow dressed up with a beautiful blue velvet covering ornamented with gold embroidery. She was allowed to lie down and her keeper sat beside her asking her questions relating to the future of the passer-by. Would he be happy? Would his children live long? etc. Since he wisely asked questions that could always be answered by Yes, if the hearer was to be pleased, the cow, by nodding her head every few seconds, gave the desired information about the mysterious future. For this pleasing information, as well as for all the other performances, the pilgrims were supposed to make a contribution.

There were priests by the score. A saffron robe extending to the feet, shaven head, large ear rings, large beads around the neck, was one type that went muttering or chanting by. Some of these looked as if they might really be earnest seekers. But another type, fat and greasy, as near naked as they dared get as long as the British rule, their faces showing that they live the lives of beasts, they were surely there for nothing but what they could extract from others.

Down underground where more than forty idols were arranged around a room, was another place where people were encouraged to make offerings. There were hideous images, some smeared with vermilion thus making them more hideous. (The idols are nearly always repulsive in their ugliness.) One tree trunk, underground, which they say is a perpetual thing, with two tiny pink marble feet at its base, was a special ob-

ject of reverence. Garlands or handfuls of flowers, rice and grain were offered to these gods.

In the early morning the procession of people started for the bathing place. The river bed is quite wide, as sometimes the current is on one side and sometimes on the other. This year Nature had been very kind and left a sandbar so that people could walk out on this bar to the junction of the rivers without having to wade through much water.

Some people went in with their fine clothes on, others practically naked. Old men and women, bent and decrepit, strong young people and tiny children were all in the procession. Some of the children screamed with terror at having to go into the water, and many went with chattering teeth for there was a cold wind that must have been bitter through their wet clothes. But now they were getting their sins washed away, and then they could go back home and do as they liked for another year!

A CHRISTIAN MELA

By Miss Emma Dean Anderson.

ABOUT eighteen years ago a small company of God's children, with hearts full of love for Him and a burning desire to win India for Christ, met together to pray and talk over possibilities.

As they prayed the Holy Spirit gave them the suggestion of holding a Christian mela. Why should there not be a gathering together of God's people to worship Him? Why should all such mass meetings be left in the hands of the Evil One? Why should Indian Christians not have a good social time in their own way? They decided to make the experiment.

So the Christian mela came into existence and the chosen place of meeting was Sialkot. The first gathering was not large. It was a new thing but in its inception God's seal was upon it. Since then (with the exception of two years when there was cholera) there has been a mela each year, and thousands of Christians in the Punjab and beyond have attended and been blest.

This mela is for Christians of all missions—non-Christians also attend. The management is in the hands of a General Committee. The formal meetings are held in a great tent. The dining room is also a tent.

In the back part of the meeting tent are men of all classes. The missionary in his white suit; the Indian preacher who thinks the proper thing is to wear a black coat, Evangelists, Clerks, Head Masters, College students and Professors, Farmers, Teachers of village schools, all in flowing garments and various degrees of head covering. Simple villagers are also there in their coarse garments often far from clean, so proud that they can sit down among "read men" and be treated with respect.

Seated in the front are the women and children with bright faces and modest withal. Scattered here and there in the crowd is a lady missionary surrounded by a little group in whom she is specially interested. What a display of beautiful soft colors their clothing makes. One is reminded of a garden of many-hued flowers. There is no doubt that India loves color!

The patience of the multitude impresses one, (no complaining about the length of the address!) and the singing. How the Indian people do love to sing! It is not always what an artist would call music, but they surely do "make a joyful noise." There is an American organ on the platform sustained by a cornet, but to the Indian there would be

no "taste" in the music if there were not also the drums, chimes, horn, and others of their own instruments.

Plain good food is sold on the grounds at the very lowest market rates. Indian and European are served alike. Here may be seen an American missionary with his dish of pulse and cake of Indian bread, while beside him is seated a simple villager eating a dish of English jam with his finger; or may be he has a little plate of butter of which he eats and then annoints his beard with what is left sticking to his fingers. Who would reprove him! It is his one chance to taste the white mans jam.

Best of all is the blessed fellowship with others who love the Lord Jesus. The lonely one from some village where he alone bears the name of his Lord, where he is jeered at and told "No body but a sweeper is a Christian." He is cheered as he meets with a thousand or fifteen hundred others who love the same Saviour. He sees, too, that this company is made up of all classes of people. Why the man sitting beside him was once a Brahmin. He finds himself in good company. He will hold up his head when he goes back to his village and gladly suffer if need be for Christ.

The Christian mela provides in a Christian way for the social needs of the people, and has also proved itself a valuable asset to their spiritual life. Lately annual gatherings for Christian fellowship have sprung up in many parts of India and are recognized as filling a need of the Kingdom which can be met in no other way. Crowds, color, music, worship, are inherent in all Indian melas but only in the ones where Christ is enthroned does the heart find satisfaction. In those others one is impressed with the feverish striving, here a peaceful rest; there an unsatisfied hunger, here the living Bread; there disappointment, here joy.

PINK AND BROWN.

By Mrs. W. H. Merriam.

IN this little collection of stories of children of India no theme is pursued, no color line drawn, no explanations inserted. They are just glimpses of child life which may reveal nothing, or much, depending on how much you read between the lines.

The Bud Of Hope.

About two years ago, in a beautiful city of North India, in the street called "Sweet," the little Bud of Hope first saw the light of our big wonderful world. There was no rejoicing over her birth, nor welcome for this beautiful baby of a rich family belonging to the highest caste in India; the reason being that there was very great sorrow over the death of her father a few months before she was born.

Her mother had a dreary future before her, and not wishing to live she gave up the struggle six days after the baby was born. The custom in that city is a cruel one for the Brahmin widow. On the death of her husband she is deprived of all her jewelry and beautiful clothes, and becomes the family drudge, taking no part in the rejoicings at marriages or holidays for she is accounted accursed of the gods.

The Bud of Hope was born into such a home, and when her horoscope was cast she also came under an unlucky square of stars. It was predicted that she would bring bad luck to any of her family who should give her a home. If the baby had been a boy some one in the community would have taken him gladly, but no one wanted the trouble of a girl in babyhood, or the expense of a marriage later, so it was decided that she

should be either deserted to die of exposure and starvation, or (a still worse fate) that she should be dedicated to the gods.

Her mother had an older sister who had loved her dearly, and she could not bear to think of this beautiful baby being condemned to either of these fates. She would have kept it, but she was afraid. for had not the little one "eaten her father and mother," and had not the family priest said she must on no account keep her! She could not go against the family—but she had heard of the Christian's God, so she brought her to a Christian friend. A month later the little Bud of Hope was dedicated—not to the Hindu gods—but to the Lord Jesus Christ whose sign and name she now bears.

She is a beautiful baby with all the joys of a child of her years. The whole world of flowers and birds is full of wondering interest; and children, and all men, and last but not least her beloved Teddy Bear, are her real friends. There is no happier baby in all the world for God has given her a very beautiful playground, a healthy body, a bright mind, and a soul that will be trained for Him.

* * * *

A Birthday Party.

When Ruth Colvin arrived at the age of four this Spring she had her first experience of a birthday party with a cake and candles. Ellen begged that the icing might be pink to match Ruth's dress, one of her characteristics being a fine discrimination in the use of colors. But Ruth decided that white looked more appropriate to eat, and it being her prerogative to choose, white it was. Their parents feared that the little girls might be a bit distant with the Indians after their furlough to America, but on the contrary they are exceedingly friendly. One of their favorites is the School Inspector and District Helper. When Ruth was asked

THE COLVIN AND AYERS GIRLS AT KINDERGARTEN

whom she would have at her party she replied, "Sundar Das and Mrs. Brown." When they were in Lyallpur before going to Sargodha Mrs. Brown had won their affections by helping them to renew acquaintance with an almost forgotten delicacy by getting them a huge sugarcane, she was therefore included in the party. Ruth is four years old now, and tall for her age. Her mother writes that the verse she said at her father's knee that day is their longing wish for all their children. "And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man."

* * * *

Half A Cent's Worth.

It has become the custom in the Pasrur Girls' School to have a brief Spring vacation. This year, because plague was so very bad, it was decided to have the girls inoculated before they went home.

The Doctor at the local Government Hospital got the serum and came with two assistants to do the work. The Government does this free of charge for everybody who wishes to have it done. But it was not a matter of the girls *wishing* to have it done. The dispensary was established on the front porch. The rules of sanitation and cleanliness were well observed, and in a remarkably short time they had everything in readiness.

Possibly none, or at least very few of the girls had ever been inoculated, so naturally they had all sorts of wild ideas as to how much it would hurt, and whether or not their arms could ever be used again, etc, etc.

Dreading the fussing, crying and fighting that often accompany such a performance the ladies hit upon a happy idea. Half a cent was offered to every girl who would submit to the ordeal without fussing or crying. That paltry sum created an immense amount of pluck and bravery! They walked up like little soldiers, knelt beside the doctor, ducked their little heads, grinned and bore! Many of them not even uttered an "Oouch." Miss Whitely sat beside the doctor with the money in her lap, and each one went off with her reward. Out of one hundred and eighty four inoculated only two did not receive a reward.

That evening the girls were all taken to a candy shop where they spent their well-earned money; and that made a very happy ending for the day.

* * * *

A Child's Prayer.

Mrs. Mercer writes; "In the midst of our Bible Conference for Indian workers I was busy packing boxes for hill going. I had put some empty tin trunks beside a cupboard of clothes for they were to be packed that afternoon. Then I went to the pantry to pack cloth bags of food supplies, for the rest of the morning. The children were to entertain themselves with some sewing. I had been at my work about an hour when our niece came to see about some jam she had left the day before. After handling the jam bottles my hands needed washing and I started through the bedroom to the bathroom to wash them. Scarcely had I entered my room when I heard screams from our older child, sounding as though from far away, saying, "Oh, somebody come and help us." I thought they were outside where they would bother their father in his Bible class work, and I started out to hunt them. But as I reached the door something stopped me, I turned back, crossed the room, hesitated, then opened the lid of the tin trunk, and found my children, wilted and unconscious.

They had jumped into the box to hide from me, and the lock caught holding them prisoners. They tried to open the

box, they called they screamed, then they sank down in despair only to try again and again. When they had called and got no help, Mary Elizabeth prayed, and God heard her prayer, for He sent me to the room and I heard her last scream. He turned me from going outside to hunt them. He sent me to the exact spot to rescue them, and He made my efforts of resuscitation effective. My older child had prayed. God had heard. Our children will never deny the power of prayer, for they KNOW.

* * * *

An Episode.

Camels are not so strange a sight in India as in America. All through the Punjab they are used for transport. Many of our missionaries depend upon them for touring their fields. A camel has more peculiar characteristics than its hump, and more peculiar attitudes than when kneeling for a load!

Harvey McArthur, renewing acquaintance with India after years of absence courageous with the confidence of skill in his new bean-shooter, sauntered out one morning to look for experiences. His eye lighted on the circle of camels behind the bungalow, and he assayed to caress the bossy-like, half-grown camel. The creature became all legs and a bray! To the family helpless with laughter the race was short, but swift for Harvey's "every stride was a mile" to safety.

One day his Aunt, wishing to give point to the quality of "Application" referred to Paul's "forgetting the things that are behind and reaching forward," as you did in the memorable camel episode." "But," Harvey speedily interrupted with delighted eyes, "that is just what I did not do."

* * * *

Dickie And His Goat.

Dickie's goat served a double purpose, first in saving his life when he was a wee-wee by giving him pure, sweet, wholesome milk, even to travelling in a wooden crate on the running board of the motor whenever Dickie moved; and later as a play fellow when hitched to the go-cart Though only twenty one months old Dickie enjoys his goat ride, and standing up in the buggy urges Nanny to more speedy efforts by the free use of his stick. One day he used his stick to tease her, and she butted him over. Rising quickly he gave her "tit for tat," and the incident was closed as far as Nanny and Dickie were concerned.

* * * *

Little Bisso Goes To School.

We had heard through the Indian worker that in a certain village near where we were camping there was a bright little girl who wanted to go to school, though neither she nor any one in that village had ever seen a school, so one afternoon we turned aside on our route and went to investigate. We found the people utterly wild and raw. The nicest woman among the Christians seemed to be little Bisso's mother, but she had had high fever for several days, and did not relish parting with her daughter. At the bare suggestion (which we broached after the regular service) of taking Bisso away to school, a veritable storm of protest arose on all sides. The Christians were opposed, none of them felt the need of an education, and why should Bisso have one? The Mohammedans were still more opposed—should a child from the despised sweeper caste set herself up to read and write when they did not educate their daughters? Some of them whispered to the bewildered, excited, fever-stricken mother that girls had been known to *DIE* away at school. Then, too, educated girls did not make as good wives! And

the school was so far away that she might never see her daughter again. At this the over-wrought woman began to cry, and the Mohammedan sisters quickly took their cue and began mourning and beating their breasts, until it looked like any thing but getting the child away to school. We felt helpless, and knew that if any of us as much as put a hand on the girl to get her away it would start a row we could not control. Just then the youngest member of the party, Mary Hazel, aged seven, took charge. She had been sitting on a high bed with her little legs hanging down, and Bisso had crept up beside her; and while all the noise and discussion had been going on the two wee maids had been making friends. Now that the crucial moment had arrived Mary Hazel exclaimed, "Oh, I'm tired of this—let's DO something. Don't you want a ride in the motor car?" Little Bisso responded something in Punjabi corresponding to "I'll bet the world I do," and hand in hand they raced to the motor and climbed in. The rest of us followed in a trice, and the people, quick to sense the ludicrous and recognizing the utter unconsciousness of the children turned their mourning into laughter, as the Ford bore us quickly away. And so little Bisso went to school.

MISSIONARY HOME LIFE

By Helen Anderson Duff.

TO those of you who know of the nomadic life of the District Missionary such a caption might seem a contradiction of terms. "Missionary, Home Life:" What can the two have to do with each other? when *you* say "home," what pictures of the old place fill your minds? The old apple tree in the back yard, perhaps, the brook that bounded your father's farm, the neighbor boys and girls who grew up beside you. How then can a missionary child, lacking all such landmarks, have any adequate sense of home? *His* neighborhood, playmates and apple tree playhouse must change every seven days during the itinerating season; and every Spring he migrates, like the birds, to some far-away mountain resort for the homesick summer months in a boarding school. Worse still, these yearly exiles must give place later on to the longer, lonlier banishment to far-off, strange America, away from family, friends, homeland, everything.

Yet stay. There are some that have lived through it to learn that home is, after all, more an atmosphere than a place; and that the missionary family quite naturally and inevitably, like the snail, carries its home about with it. Missionary children are not without many sweet memories that spell "home," memories that cluster about the occasionally, visited mission bungalow, set deep in a shady, fruitful garden, musical with shrieking parrots, and containing the big creaking Persian well, with a cool tank close by where they played in the water and caught tadpoles.

What matter that the nearest white neighbors lived twelve miles away across a treacherous unbridged river? Who cared that the journey to the nearest shops, the doctor, and the railway connecting them with civilization, was twenty-six miles by cart over quicksands and corduroy? All their social needs were amply satisfied in the little Christian village where they played in the school-yard with the rescued famine orphans from South India; or visited dear sweet feeble old "auntie" who invariably entertained them with some of her own quaintly garbled versions of the Bible stories, as well as with her good corn cakes and sweetmeats, or plums from her own wild plum tree.

Or the scene shifts to the mission camp, pitched outside a Punjabi village, at the edge of a stagnant pond too dirty to play in, with plenty of staring, naked brown children swarming about. The tent was always filled to suffocation with an ill-smelling crowd of village women, chattering and listening by turns, asking a hundred questions of the missionary mother. Why were not her little girls married, as theirs were? Whether her babies were really born and fed in the same way as their own? And why on earth they had to be bathed every day? The days were filled with object lessons in homemaking, hourly unintentioned "Child Welfare" demonstrations, unconscious hints on cleanliness, health, and discipline, suggestions given about guarding child-hood's innocence, and leading it to God; and always those ignorant mothers were told of the loving Father who is interested in all their daily problems, and ready to help them. Some listened to these foreign doctrines, stolidly unmoved; others eagerly and wistfully, and in a few hearts doubtless there came the faint stirring of something like an ambition to try out, in some measure, the memsahiba's ways.

Meanwhile the missionary child, too, is learning through this same object-lesson-method, the difference between his Christian home and the pathetic parody on home life all around him. Perhaps the contrast brings to him an unusual appreciation of that homey home of his, which in spite of constantly shifting background, in spite even of frequent separations and sadly broken family life, is yet the best home in the world, just because, unwilling comfortably to hoard its Christ-given blessings, it has gone out into desolate places to become the mother of other homes.

VIGNETTE OF A MOHAMMEDAN HOME

By Miss Jean Morrison.

The Unusual.

SHE waits in her bridal array the coming of her bridegroom, this fair, graceful, petted daughter of an aristocratic Mohammedan home. The strict seclusion of this high caste family prevented her going out to school, but her father taught her to read and write and imparted to her something of his own love for books, so that she is really more intelligent than many who have had a more conventional education. When the handsome college lad finally appears, frightfully bored by all the ceremonies he has been through, and they see each others faces for the first time, there is a mutual attraction that bodes well for the future. She became that rare thing in India, her husband's friend and companion. The young husband was just starting in the practice of his profession which necessitated their living in the city and gave them a home to themselves.

Both of these young lives had been touched by the Christian religion, he in the mission college where he was a student, and she by a zenana visitor in her home, and now in the new home in the city her best friend was an educated Indian Christian lady. Before the end of the first year of married life a delicate little son was born to them, who probably owed his life to the superior knowledge of this Christian friend who was also the mother of a sturdy little son. The Christian mother became the ideal of the young Mohammedan mother, and she tried by every means in her power to strengthen the body of her frail little son. Hours on end she devoted to him, playing with him the childish games dear to the hearts of children the world over, mumbly peg, jackstraws, all the old ones, and she even invented new ones for her

darling, but all her love and devotion could not bring the necessary strength, and when he was a little more than four years of age he faded and died leaving a heartbroken mother and a desolate home.

The mother rallied bravely and took up her studies again. She was filled with a desire to serve others, inspired perhaps by the life of the One who came to serve. She wrote a little book for mothers giving in detail twenty-five of the games she had played with her own little son. She started a small paper for Mohammedan women with the desire to broaden and enrich their restricted lives, and there was still love and understanding between herself and her husband.

At this point in their lives his family interfered. There was no son, a second wife must be taken that there might be an heir. Both husband and wife objected. but custom was too strong for them and the marriage took place.

* * * *

The Usual.

An untrained, uneducated Mohammedan girl who fears her master, a sullen, resentful man who regards her as an undesired piece of necessary property. The home life of the people of India seems simple as seen by the innocent eye, lived as it has been lived for ages, seemingly all open to the eye of the observer, but we who know a little more know that it is a complex tangle. There were children from this second marriage, three girls and two boys; children of a hated wife and a feared husband, there was nothing attractive about them.

This wife's apartments were typical. Bare, dirty walls, rugs and cushions served for chairs and tables, no books or pictures except the Koran on its stand. Even the book of nature was closed to this woman. She observed the strictest seclusion—the old-fashioned home from which she came demanded it. She boasted that she had never seen trees or grass growing, had never seen anything of the outside world. She was proud of it, it was the badge of her aristocracy. There were servants to do the work of the household so all that she had to do was to lounge about on cushions, do a little needlework, listen to the bazaar gossip brought in by her servant, and in her crude fashion, care for the cross, crying, undisciplined children.

The finer sensibilities of the first wife were outraged by the new conditions prevailing, the harmony of the home was broken, as was her heart, and soon she slipped away to join the little son in the uncared-for plot of ground that serves as a resting place for the bodies of the non-Christians. Nothing more clearly indicates the difference out here between the Christian and non-Christian than the appearance of the cemetaries, one so carefully tended, the other so neglected. I have a secret belief in my heart that from that Mohammedan grave will rise some day one of Christ's own.

* * * *

The Head of the House was now well-to-do, greatly respected, and stood high in his profession. There was no joy in his home life so Ambition was his spur. When approached on the subject of taking a third wife he was ready to listen to the proposal. The new name was that of an educated modern woman. When very young she had been married to a beast of a man and had had the courage to leave him. The father loved his daughter and received her back, but felt keenly the disgrace of having a divorced woman in his house. His wealth was great, and much of it was needed to induce a Mohammedan man to marry a woman who had had the temerity to leave her

ELIZABETH CAMPBELL

She has taken training in compounding in the Ludhiana Women's Medical College. Is now helping in White Memorial, Pasrur, India.

husband and be the agressor in securing a divorce.

Our friend, seeing how his ambition might be advanced by means of the wealth thus acquired, finally consented to be a party to the marriage; but when the arrangements were all made and the settlements agreed on, the bride-to-be made *her* stipulations. She would not go into the house with another wife, when she went to his home the other wife must be banished. As the husband's heart was not involved, he readily assented to this, and the despised wife and her little ones were practically imprisioned in a dark old house in the city

whose damp stone floors and walls made it an unfit habitation for human beings.

The miserable pittance allowed them was not sufficient to keep soul and body together, but what the banished wife felt most was the disgrace of being put away by her husband. She, too, came of a good family, and in the eyes of her people the sin of the banishment rested upon her, and they were all estranged from her in this time of need. In a mad frenzy this poor soul, whose boast was that she had never been out of her seclusion, crept out of her prison in the dead of night and found her way back to her husband's home where she wandered about the walls shrieking his name and begging to be taken back. The story of her incarceration and death would not make pleasant reading.

Before the coming of the new wife the home was made over and furnished in palatial splendor, and neither money nor taste were wanting in beautifying the house and grounds. It pleased them both to live in near-English fashion, the wife observing semi-seclusion. In order to obtain a teacher, that she might persue her studies, she consented to read the Bible and Browning with a missionary lady. Her keen intelligence found great delight in this reading, she made a study of Romans, and her notes were most interesting. She admitted that the moral teaching of the Bible was superior to the Koran, and when the sin of her treatment of the other wife and her children was brought home to her, she acknowledged that she had done wrong. She has a very keen sense of justice, perhaps she inherited her father's legal turn of mind.

Two handsome, clever little sons had come to her, so there was no need felt of the presence of the other children; but in spite of the blow to her pride because she knew it was right, she brought the children of the other wife home and did her best for them. She desired to educate them, but the mother's relatives interfered. They bitterly resented this modern woman and demanded that these girls should be brought up in the strict, old-fashioned way according to their custom. She was hampered and hindered, but she did her best and reasonably good marriages were arranged for the girls, while the boys were educated and set to work.

She and her husband are intellectually congenial and their home is a pleasant place to visit, showing a great advance over the ordinary Mohammedan home in taste and comfort. With her usual straightforwardness she finally said to her teacher. "To read the Bible longer would make me unhappy, I cannot accept Christianity, but I intend to practice the truths I have learned in the Bible in my own religion." Satan employs every art of hell to keep the truth from reaching these bound souls. Poor dear! Think of the task she has set herself in trying to practice Christianity in Mohammedanism!

* * * *

We tell you these heart stories that we may help you to pray as we want you to pray, as we need you to pray with us. This dear Mohammedan friend, with whom I carry on an intimate correspondence is still open to the power of prayer. She is rich, she is intellectual, she is very self-satisfied, but God is able.

AN INDIAN CHRISTIAN HOME

THERE was a time in India when there were no homes. There were houses in which several families lived together. In these houses there was no privacy at all, no comfort, no quiet, the whole family sort of lived together, ate

and drank and slept together, everybody knew that the others were doing. Now among Christians one finds a couple living in their own little home.

Where accommodation permits the father has his room, and the mother and children have their room; usually there is a room set aside where visitors can be entertained. In this way each member of the family has his or her private and quiet place in which they can do what they like without having to consult any one else, and without the gaze of the rest of the family being on them.

In a Christian home one usually finds a fixed time for meals when all the family sit down together. This is a pleasant time for the family when all take part in the conversation, and all feel free to talk what they think, and the parents gently lead their children by their wise advice.

People in this family rise early, and prepare the first meal which consists of fresh bread and tea. When this meal is ready the family gathers, and after a short prayer the food is eaten and the children march to school, boys and girls alike. The parents then retire to their duties, the father to his work or study (if he is a pastor) and the mother to the care of the baby, cooking, washing, sweeping etc. If time permits the father also helps in these domestic duties.

The schools close about noon in the summer and the children are home again by one P. M. when the family gathers for their mid-day meal. This is a very interesting time. All have so much to say about the friends and teachers they have met at school, the lessons they have learned, and the games they have played at school etc, etc. The parents listen attentively and guide their children into all that is true and noble and uplifting.

It is usually after the mid-day meal that this family collects for family worship, and an inspiring time it is for all who attend this worship. The children gather round the parents and the father reads from the Bible and asks questions. The mother leads in prayer when called upon to do so, so this is true family worship where all take part in on way or another. The children also recite verses, stories, etc.

It seems wise to take a little sleep after this, because it is so hot at this time of day that one can't either work or go out any place. Sometimes it is difficult to even sleep. After this rest hour the children study the lessons prescribed by their teachers at school, and the parents help them wherever help is necessary. After lessons are done the boys and girls either play at home, or the boys go to their school grounds to play and the sisters stay at home to help mother. They can't go to a boys' school to play, that would not be nice.

In the evening the father is usually at home, and helps his wife in whatever way he can. She gets him to buy all the stores for the house. He does the marketing and all other shopping necessary for this home. She guides as to how much money is to be spent on different things, and he tries to keep within that limit.

Thus in an Indian Christian home the father and mother bear the burden of making the home equally, and share the joys of the home equally too. The children also share the work as well as the comforts of the home. The father earns the money and puts it in the hands of his wife, and it is her business to see that it is carefully spent, and all absolute necessities are provided for out of this money. She judges how much money should be spent on rent, food, clothes, school etc. In the United Presbyterian Mission they usually tithe, so she keeps

MARTHA HILL AND RAY KUMARI

See Editorial.

the tenth apart also, and pays where she thinks she would like to spend her money.

She is the one to decide whether a relative, father, brother or sister, shall live in her home; there are some homes where the father, brother and sisters of the husband live in the same house, and the wife workes for them all.

All Christian parents like to send their daughters to Christian Boarding Schools. Here the girls live in better accommodations than their own homes can afford, with missionary ladies who

are earnest Christian workers and trained teachers. It is here an Indian girl learns to sing songs of praise to her God, and talk to Him, work for Him, and live with Him. She learns from her teachers how to keep her room tidy and beautiful, with pictures on the walls and a carpet on the floor, and with everything in its proper place. She learns the value of time as she sees her teachers save a few minutes here and a few minutes there for this or that or the other thing. In school everything is done on time, and all abide by the rules and regulations of the school.

She learns in school not only to do all her own work and do it well, but she devises ways and means of helping others, the sick, the new comers, the needy etc. In other words she learns to be a useful girl all round. She also learns to play games and have a social time with her girl friends in the school.

She learns to pray in public in a group of school children and to give out her thoughts from her Bible study to others.

She also learns to clothe herself in a neat and tidy way. She has her missionary teachers for patterns and she thinks their dress is very neat, tidy and useful, so she naturally copies it. She is a good imitator and does not do a bad job when she comes home and gets her mother to buy her some cloth with which she makes a dress such as she has seen some one else wear in school.

So when the girl comes home she brings with her several influences which help to raise the standards of the home where she belongs. Gradually the influence of the Christian Boarding Schools has made itself felt. People are more self-respecting, clean, tidy, honest and useful than they were. The whole of their life seems to be permeated with Christian influence. One can see a vast difference between children who have attended a Christian Boarding School and those who have stayed at home and been educated in a day school.

Indian Christians living side by side with non-Christians see the vast difference between the two communities. The non-Christians are still bound by chains of custom. Their homes are untidy, and not well ventilated, they lack in privacy, they are even dirty in some respects. They lack in the conveniences of life. There is no family worship or private worship in the majority of the homes. They do send their children to school, but usually it is only secular education that they get there, so their education is not much good when it is lacking in the knowledge of God, and they are still ignorant. In times of sorrow, sickness and death they are helpless. They look to their friends for sympathy which they can not give.

In the non-Christian home the girl and wife have practically no liberty, and no place, no say whatever. The bride is for years a stranger in her new home, she is cut off from her own people and is not allowed to mix with even her own neighbors. She lives a very lonely life in her home. She can't read so there is nothing for her to do except to cook her husband's food and feed him when he comes home. She can not even sit down to eat with him but has her food after all the men have eaten. Then she just sits around until the next meal time comes round and her husband comes home again.

When the bride has been in the house for several years and has had some children, she has gained some confidence of her husband. She is now allowed to get out to see her neighbors and mix with them. She lives many years in this house before she knows what her husband earns

and where it is spent. She is given the necessary stores for the month, and other necessities are bought for her house-keeping from day to day, but she rarel knows what they cost.

She has no social time with her husband, she does not really know him. Husband and wife are not mutual friends to start with but living together, and bringing up children throws them together more and more as years go by, and in the end most of them are what any couple would be to each other.

Indian Christians have not the goods of this world, so they have no houses of their own. They have to rent houses which non-Christians have built according to *their* ideas. But still the Christians make their homes places of freedom, the man, wife and children all are free. Their homes are tidy and clean and possess the necessities of life. They have family worship where everybody sings and prays and adores Christ. They also have private devotional times individually. Their children are all educated, and Christian education is given them at home as well as at school. In times of sorrow and sickness and death they look to God to help and sustain them, there they get real comfort.

The Christian bride knows her husband, she learns to love him and he has learned to love her before they were married. So when a Christian young man has brought his bride home, he has really brought a friend whom he adores and who adores him. Life is very pleasant for this bride. She shares her husband's life and he shares hers. They make the home together. She can advise him in his business also, for she is educated.

They pray together and sing together and commune with their God together, thus they make their little home taste of the joys of heaven. Nor are the activities of this couple confined to the home alone. Each goes out to friends and neighbors and tries to help those who are less fortunate than they. They have social intercourse with the outside world. They walk *together* when they go out, (instead of the husband leading the way and the wife meekly following behind) and the wife is given her rightful place wherever they go.

Note.—The above is written by an Indian Christian lady who is a Zenana worker and has had abundant proof of the difference in the homes of the Christians and of their non-Christian neighbors. The results of Christianity are perhaps nowhere more apparent than in the home and family life.

THEY COME.

From North and South, and East and West,
They come!
The sorely tried, the much oppressed,
Their faith and love to manifest,
They come!
They come to tell of work well done,
They come to tell of kingdoms won,
To worship at the Great White Throne,
They come!
In a noble consecration,
With a sound of jubilation,
They come! They come!

Through tribulations and distress,
They come!
Through perils great and bitterness,
Through persecutions pitiless,
They come!
They come by paths the martyrs trod,
They come from underneath the rod,
Climbing through darkness up to God,
They come!
Out of mighty tribulation,
With a sound of jubilation,
They come! They come!

From every land beneath the sun,
They come!
To tell of mighty victories won;
Unto the Father through the Son,
They come!
They come—the victors in the fight,

They come—the blind restored to sight,
They come!
From deepest Darkness into Light;
In a holy exaltation,
With a sound of jubilation,
They come! They come!
John Oxenham.

A SIDE LIGHT ON SOME HOMES

"ONE of the men goes to———for further instruction and baptism we hope. His wife is one of the most charming Mohammedan ladies I ever knew, reads the Bible with interest and says she believes it, but cannot come out because it means separation from her family. She and her husband really care for each other. They have a beautiful daughter of 14, who is in Queen Mary College, an only child, so two years ago the wife did what Sarah did to Abraham, gave him her servant. There was a sort of a marriage, and now there is a little son, a year old that the wife claims. His own mother is his nurse. She is a strong, rather good-looking hill woman of ordinary Mohammedan caste, but deaf and dumb. She does the work in the house. There is no jealousy between the two women."

* * * *

"A great tragedy happened among these people the other day. A servant born in the house, a widow, had one pretty little girl eight years old, graceful and attractive. The mother is greedy for money, so when a great brute of a man over 50 years old wanted to marry the child she allowed him to. He gave her a good sum of money, and, she says, agreed that he would not take the child till she was a suitable age. The other day he came back and was one night in the house. The little girl was literally broken to pieces, and died the next morning in great agony. Miss———was called, but could do nothing. She asked the child who hurt her and she said, "That man they married me to." He went away at once and they have tried to hush the whole thing up. The mother sits weeping and says "Why was Allah so cruel as to take my only child." I told her not to blame God, that she had murdered her child herself."

* * * *

There is darkness still, gross darkness, Lord,
On this fair earth of Thine.
There are prisoners still in the prison-house,
Where never a light doth shine.
There are doors still bolted against Thee.
There are faces set like a wall;
And over them all the Shadow of Death
Hangs like a pall.

Do you hear the voices calling,
Out there in the black night?
Do you hear the sobs of the women,
Who are barred from the blessed light?
And the children, the little children,
Do you hear their pitiful cry?
Oh, brothers, we must seek them,
Or there in the dark they die!
From "Darkness and Light"
By John Oxenham.

TWO OLD GARDENS

Shalimar. In Kashmir.

By Miss Ella McArthur.

THE garden of Shalimar, out some distance along the lake shore from Srinagar the capital of Kashmir, lies on several terraces, reaching from the lake's edge up the mountain side. Mahadeo, nearly a half mile higher than our Pike's Peak, looks down into the garden. Much of the old garden's walls, built of tiny sun-dried brick remain. In the court at the rear, probably built for Nur Mahal whose body lies in the Taj Mahal at Agra, is the Pavilion with its black marble pillars, and encircled by a hundred and a half fountains. Here the waters from Mahadeo's snows play, and then run on down the waterway

through the center of the garden, leaping from terrace to terrace, and finally into the lake.

The old walls are covered with fragrant, creamy honeysuckle, Marechal Neil and Cloth of Gold roses, and the air is sweet with the breath of pansies. Masses of flowers are here, varying with the season, wide spaces of cushiony grass lie at the sides, and here and there stands a great plane tree. Here the sweet-voiced bulbul flits about; and the ousel with a note, having the appearance and friendly assurance of our robin hops over the ground.

An hour in this garden when the moon was coming up over the mountain wall and then flooding the fragant garden with light, is a treasured memory. Only the garden attendants moved about in their fluttering oriental dress, finishing up the day's work, when a little party happened in to wait for a boat after a day's hard climb on foot and on pony to the top of the Pass. The garden seemed suddenly to speak of its origin and past. In the day time hours it is a setting for English and American wanderers, Mohammedan boatmen, and proud Hindus, now the ruling race. But perhaps the moonlight hours belong to its Moghul builders, long since of the dead.

SHALIMAR BOGH

THE SUPPOSED PLACE OF THE MARRIAGE OF "LALLA ROOKH" IN THE BEAUTIFUL KASHMIR VALLEY.

Jehangir decreed that his body was to rest in such a garden, though now a lonelier one, at Achibal; but it lies instead in a great tomb on the Punjab Plain.

It seemed as if silence, only, gave us a right to linger, and it would not have been startling to have come upon the beautiful, graceful Moghul women moving about in fragrant shade and shadow in the freedom of their own Court; nor

impossible to believe that Shah Jehan himself reclined upon some big stone seat or couch along the water's edge in conversation with favorite councillor or friend; or that proud, brown-skinned children splashed in the water's path.

The witching beauty of the scene, the fragrance waftom the caressing breeze, the haunting memories of a dead past, all held an entrancing glamour in the soft light of the moon.

One's thoughts were strangely drawn back to other old gardens, to Nebuchadnezzer's, and further yet, to the oldest garden of all, that in which was innocence and pure delight—where the Lord God walked in the cool of the day; and then on, and beyond, to Him who is the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley. We were wafted from earth to the Paradise of God, and our souls made stronger for the task of helping to make the desert blossom as the rose; and to become to others as a watered garden, fed from serener heights than Mahadeo's snows.

SHALIMAR

By Miss W. H. Porter.

"What vivid moonlight plays upon the walls
Of some forgotten city, dark in rest,
Where once an Eastern queen held sway
With pomp of color, languid grace
And haunting strains of some barbaric song;
Slow fire of opals, gleam of gold
When dark ease swoons in incense, dreamily."

DOWN the hushed avenues of the garden there came a group of gauzy chattering women, their jewels gleaming in the moonlight. Ahead, a stately figure paid no attention to the laughing group that surrounded her. It was in the days of long ago, and the silent woman who queened it among her maids was Nur Jahan, first named Light of the Palace, and now Light of all the World, maker of gardens, and queen of marble palaces, weary of the importunate crowds, tired for the moment of life itself. Her maidens seeing that she paid no attention to their chatter, laughed and talked among themselves, but the topic that was crowding to the lips of all for expression was carefully repressed. Only an occasional significant glance at the queen showed that they had not forgotten.

They paused a moment beside the square basin of the lotus pond where the strange perfume that haunted the garden concentrated in the great gleaming petals and thick yellow centers of the flowers that were almost too large for their narrow pool. Nur Jahan shrugged her shoulders and muttered a curse on all foolish flowers and those named after them; the girls glanced up but heard no words and dared not question her. At last they arrived at the marble basin of water with its surrounding pavilions and narrow gleaming cause way. Nur Jahan seated herself on the great throne-bed overlooking the water, behind which a stream, flowing over carved marble made faint music in the moonlight. She dismissed her maids and they scattered to watch the moon-path on the water, to gather roses and string them into garlands, and to sing softly as they sat on the causeway dipping bare brown feet into the water. Nur Jahan was alone, alone, but for a riot of passion and resentment that surged in her breast until she felt her frail frame must break and allow her thoughts to escape.

In one of the pavilions two friends sat watching the moonlight on the water and talking in low tones.

"Nur Bibi, you are called "Light" after the queen and I know you love her. Do you think the fit will pass?

"Of course it will pass. Does not life

pass and the world itself? But these things eat into the soul. Ah! tonight I would rather be Anarkali in her tomb, the Pomegranate-bud whom Akhbar buried alive, than the queen on her throne. See how silently she gazes on the water, and her eyes, I know, are ful of bitterness. But it is the fate of queens. I would rather be in a hut with my Hamid than share my throne and my lord with these dead memories.

"True, but thy Hamid is at the wars."

"Alas! Do I not remember day and night..."

"But we were talking of the queen. Surely she knew that there were many who had held the favor of her lord before *her* star shone in the heavens. Who is this Anarkali that she should bring bitterness to Nur Jahan?"

"They say she was no one in particular, but with great eyes and lips red like pomegranate bloom, and she dared to smile over her sitar* at Prince Salina in the presence of the great Akhbar, so she was put in the tower and when the Prince tried to rescue her, it was walled up and he never saw her again!"

"Is that all? Then why these sighs? And that was many years ago, was it not?"

"Yea, many years. But O foolish! dost not know that the dream that was left unfinished lingers far longer in the memory than last night's awakening from slumber? It is the way of men, always it is the unattainable that calls always lost joys that seem the fairest. If the lady had lived she would now be stout and forgotten, but because she perished in the bloom of youth she is young forever. And the emperor sigheth, like all small boys, for the moon."

"Hush, Bibi, someone will hear you."

"Who is there to hear? We are all companions in misery. Who has not enough of her own that she would increase another's?"

"True, but some are jealous of thee."

"Let them be. They know not. It is a dangerous station too near to our mistress, but methinks I have grown used to fear and, it too, is 'only weariness'."

"But tell me more of this Anarkali. Even if the king remembers, why is Nur Jahan so sad?"

"Sad? She is angry. She claims to have outrivalled all the others in his affection, as in the state, and here comes this loving husband to Lahore, builds a beautiful tomb to the memory of his lost love, and sings sad songs all night, while his charming queen is left to her own society. If the rival were flesh and blood she could poison her, but who can destroy a dream? They say the first song the emperor heard as he came into the city was the song that Anarkali sang in her tower. And now he murmurs it all day long. Come to the rose garden and I will hum it softly."

They left the pavilion and retreated to the shadow of the wall, that the sound might not reach the proud ears of that silent figure across the garden, and she sang under her breath

†"Why did the light shine only to go out again?
Why did the moon gleam, only to be hidden behind a cloud?
Why bloomed the flower when it faded so soon?
Why do I live when life is a death-in-life?

The faint echoes quivered and passed; and still the moon shone down on the garden.

The girls grew weary of play and chatter, but the form of their mistress on the marble couch never moved, and her dark eyes still rested where the shadows on

the water gathered into deeper and deeper pools with never a reflected star to lighten their depths.

* * * *

*Indian guitar.

†A translation of a well known Urdu song.

THE MAULVI.

By Miss Mary Martin.

THE Maulvi was, for thirty years, a teacher of Oriental languages in the Boys' High School in Sialkot City of which my father was in charge. I can still see him as he used to come from the school to the study in the bungalow to give me my daily language lesson during my first years in India.

He was rather slight of figure, was always neatly dressed in typical Mohammedan garb, with loose robe and wide flowing sleeves and high turban overshadowing rather spare features. He was courteous with the refined manners of a cultured Oriental. From the moment he dropped his shoes at the door till he made his low obeisance on departure he was punctilious in the observance of Eastern etiquette. He also demanded a like observance on the part of new missionaries whom he taught. He was not satisfied with mere Western politeness but thought the missionary should acquire oriental habits as he acquired the language.

He was scholarly in his manner and exceedingly exact as a teacher. He impressed on his pupils the principles of the language with a dignity which added to one's appreciation of its force and beauty. He made one feel that it was worth a great effort to speak the language with the fluency and polish which he set before us as a teacher.

Many of the older missionaries owe much of their grounding in the lanuage to his skillful teaching. He was Miss McCahon's first teacher. My sister Josephine writes, "When I was a new missionary my first lesson in Urdu was given by Maulvi Mohammed Ali. He said, "You have your mother's tongue, I was her teacher." It was mostly due to his sympathetic insistance that I finished the course in the prescribed time. Often, especially in the hot weather when I was tired, I wanted to omit the language hour, but the Maulvi insisted on steady work and careful preparation of the lesson. After finishing the Urdu course I continued Persian with him, and he planned to have me take up Arabic. but he died before this was possible."

The Maulvi had long years of association with the missionaries in language study and translation work. He assisted Dr. Barr in the translation of Hodge's Theology, a work of great labor, which tested his skill in the correct rendering of difficult terms. Few persons have become more familiar with the teachings of the Bible or known more fully the great doctrines of Christian theology, but he never intimated any desire of forsaking Mohammed for Christ. When urged by the missionaries to make a decision for Christ he would listen respectfully but showed no sign of any willingness to accept of Jesus as his Saviour.

His father would not allow him to study English lest he imbide ideas contrary to Islam, and he forbade the missionaries "under any circumstances" to teach the gospel in his house. His elder brother was a bigoted Mohammedan, and his wife a strong character firm to the end in the faith of Islam.

In the case of some converts who have broken forcibly away from such strong restraining influences and against bitter opposition in the home, I have noticed

an element of wilfulness. The convert has been indulged in childhood and allowed to have his own way till it has become a habit, and he takes it in this too. We find that such persons, while their faith is genuine, yet are very undisciplined, and their spiritual growth and development have meant years of patient forbearance on the part of those who were helping them. Such wilfulness and self assertion would have been impossible to one of the Maulvi's gentle nature. Was he really drawn to the truth even though he failed to realize that it would have made him free?

Years after she went to her eternal home he told me how well he recalled almost the last thing my mother said to him, "Maulvi Ji, I am praying for you every day and I believe you will accept Christ." At one time he requested prayer to be offered in the Church service for the recovery of his little daughter. Our hearts thrilled then, thinking surely he would soon come out. But when the end came, he died very suddenly, of plague, he still had made no open confession. If almost shook the faith in prayer of one who had long been praying for him and knew others, too had been.

"So far as we know," we say again and again. Remembering his disposition, and the terrific odds he would have had to face, I am glad it is not ours to judge, but that he is in the hands of One Whom though apparently he did not know as a loving Father, yet in common with us he believed to be an Allwise Judge. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

A DUST STORM

THE oppressive dust-laden atmosphere had obtruded itself for days. The thermometer had stood at 100-104 in the house for days and nights when one gasped for breath, and it seemed as if relief *must* be had in some way or life would be unsupportable.

If one walked it was to reach for support, if one sat it was to loll limp and lifeless, if one lay it was only to roll from side to side in the vain attempt to find a cooler spot. One rolled again, and found the place one had just left the cooler. The heat of the body was less than that of the atmosphere.

It was in the old days, before Henry Ford had blessed the world, and we had the horse hitched to take a drive. The outer air was 110 but it was a relief to get out of the bottled-up dead atmosphere of the closed up house for a time. It was late evening, and it seemed as if the night must be unbearable.

We scanned the horizon for promise of relief. A denser, deeper-bronze colored haze was noted in the direction from which storms were want to come. We studied awhile, and thought we might go a little way and get back—we hated to give up the drive!

We went on our way noting the drooping trees, the crows with wide open beaks gasping for air, the sun-baked stubble. We looked again at the storm center, and concluded we had better turn back and get home; and set the horse at a quick pace.

In an instant the sullen deadness was changed. A breeze, hot as from an oven started up. The horse was urged to greater speed. The wind broke loose as from mighty restraining hands, and in a few seconds was blowing a gale filled with particles of stinging sand. The horse was given her head and broke into

a gallop, fast and faster yet, the storm rapidly gaining in intensity.

We could not see to drive. The sand filled our eyes, our ears, our nostrils, and gritted between our teeth. Darkness that could be felt, literally, had settled down. One could not see the road, but guided by unerring instinct the faithful horse brought us safely home. We hastened within sheltering doors, feeling for the bolt to bar against the wind.

For an hour it blew fast and furiously. Trees rocked, limbs were torn off, shrieks and groans as of prisoners escaping from the infernal regions seemed to fill one's imagination; while the deadness of the hot air within the house settled down on us like a pall.

Then suddenly, as it had come, the wind abated, the air cleared, a sharp streak of lightning, a crack of thunder, and the rain. One hastened to open the doors, and breathe the life-giving freshness and coolness. Within was heat; dust so thick on floors and furniture that it would have to be swept up in pansful in the morning (it silts in through every crevice in spite of bolt and bar), but outside the soft caress of the cleansed air, the light at eventide, and the smell of rain; and that night blessed restful sleep.

W. L. P.

A CHRISTIAN VILLAGE WEDDING

By Mrs. Kenneth MacKenzie.

YOU are invited to attend the ceremonies connected with Hakim Bibi's engagement and wedding. Her parents are very common village people who can neither read nor write, but who have confessed a simple faith in Jesus Christ, and who want to leave behind them all the idolatrous practices of sweeperdom.

You will have to revise your ideas of what you consider essential to a wedding, for in the first place if you were the bride in this simple home you would be unacquainted with your husband-to-be. No courtship, no romance! Sad but true there is not, and cannot be until education is the common thing in villages, and woman is looked upon with purity and respect.

When you had come to a marriageable age (14 to 16 years) your father would have decided that it was time for you to have a husband. He, with some other male relatives, would cast about for a suitable young man and when the proper one in *their* estimation was secured, the engagement would take place. Then, or later, the boy's father calls on the bride's father taking with him the pastor, (or in his absence the school teacher or worker) and, after prayer, the date for the wedding is set. The names of the contacting parties are then given to the pastor that the bans may be read from the pulpit at three different times before the wedding, according to the law.

You will be wondering what part Hakim Bibi has in this wedding. Well, through her parents, she chooses the jewelry so-called, but more truly ornaments. There is nothing so small and inconspicuous as your diamond set in platinum. Instead there are earrings in size from a penny to a saucer, bracelets that weigh a pound, glass bangles, anklets, and hair ornaments of silver and less precious metals. The boy's parents must foot this bill, and they must also provide the girl's wedding clothes.

Imagine yourself to be Hakim Bibi; with none of the joys of planning and choosing your wedding dress! Do you suppose a bride ever finds fault with her trousseau? Yes, it not infrequently happens. I once heard of a bride whom it was impossible to please with a plain

1. The City Church, Rawalpindi. 2. Doctor Maria White with the Children. 3. Pink and Brown. 4. A Pastor and His Wife and Baby. 5. Wedding-ring in nose of young girl. 6. A Four-year-old Mother caring for a baby of Nine months. 7. Pink and Brown. 8. Two Browns, who came to Missionary Meeting. 9. Our furlough in Kashmir. 10. River. 11. Junior Missionary Society, Rawalpindi, Mrs. Israel Latin, leader. 12. Indoor Patients, Early Morning just before being moved in the ward, all spend the night in the open air. (No. 5. Photo courtesy H. R. Ferger).

MRS. SHAHBAZ

Made a Life Member of the Women's General Missionary Society by the Rawalpindi Women's Presbyterial, American Mission, Punjab, India.

(See page 236).

white head veil with a gold border which her husband-to-be had chosen for her, until he, in desperation, went to the only shop the village possessed and bought her a horrid purple silk one; and after all the Miss Sahiba would not allow her to be married in it because it was so unbecoming!

And what of the groom? He wears a suit of clothes provided by Hakim Bibi's parents, usually white muslin trousers, a gay waistcoat, brilliantly dyed turban and a silk coat, sometimes a second hand velvet one trimmed in gold braid.

Hakim Bibi takes with her to her new home cooking vessels, at least one, sometimes three or more; copper or brass or aluminum plates, at least two, may-be ten; a mattress, a quilt, and a strip of carpet cloth for wrapping the bedding each for herself and her husband; also a new bed. If her father can at all afford it, he gives her a cow or a buffalo, or a calf, that the new home may have milk and ghi.

Two days before the wedding there is a big dinner at the boy's father's home. Who are present, and who have the right to come? Those who bring money. How much? That depends. If there has been a wedding in your family and the boy's father has brought you a rupee at that time, then you bring two to his wedding; a sort of unorganized mutual insurance company. If you do not pay back all that was paid in at a wedding in your family, and then give a similar amount you are snubbed by the community! Dreadful! Perhaps the motives are no more mercenary than those of many who know more and have travelled further.

At this dinner the boy's father is asked by Hakim Bibi's father how many guests he will bring to the two day's festivities in the girl's home. As many as he names will be provided for, but if the groom's father should afterwards decide to bring more guests he must pay for their plates as it were. The boy's father pays for the services of those who cook the dinner, carry the water, and pass the huqqa (Indian pipe) to the guests on the wedding day and the day preceding.

During all this time Hakim Bibi has probably been invisable, or if in sight, wearing such dirty clothes that you would take her for a common beggar. When the dinner is over, she dons her wedding clothes, and sits down on her bed among the presents while her father invites all to behold.

The marriage ceremony then takes place in a very ordinary way. Sometimes the bride is too bashful, or too stubborn, or too frightened to answer the questions properly. This is the least interesting part of the performance to the ordinary villager, but since it is necessary it must be gone through with.

After the ceremony is over the groom with garlands of flowers around his neck and hanging from his head, rides off on a horse in pomp; while the people of Hakim Bibi's village carry her along behind on a bed supported on their shoulders. Following her comes the new bed and the cow. The pastor receives his fee of five or ten rupees, and Hakim Bibi settles down in her mother-in-law's house to get acquainted with her husband.

A MOHAMMEDAN WEDDING.

By Miss Gertrude Zink.

"IT is the will of God," said the Mohammedan mother as she packed up her belongings preparatory to leaving her home in Afghanistan. The father, who had been a ruler there, had

very recently died and a new man had taken his place, so now according to the custom of that country, the old ruling family must find a home elsewhere.

Wealthy though they were their furniture consisted of only the bare necessities of life, if indeed all the necessities were present. Much of their money had been spent in jewelry. Soon all was ready and the company started off. There was the mother with her two little girls, her sister-in-law, also a widow, with her two small boys, and a couple of servants. Their new home was to be located in the foothills of the Himalayas, and after a long tiresome journey they reached their destination, and soon settled down to live their monotonous life.

Though the two older cousins were quite young, they knew that the time was coming when they should be husband and wife, for they had been engaged in babyhood. They were both given some education, she of course less than he, for why should a woman be taught?

Life went on day after day, plenty of money, plenty of servants, nothing to worry about. The only events worthy of notice were when some of the neighboring women came in to gossip, or some friends came from their old home to visit. No wonder as the time drew near for the wedding that the whole family united in helping get the trousseau ready for the bride. The groom did his part by turning over four thousand rupees to be used for her outfit, her bedding, the breakfast, and all the other expenses.

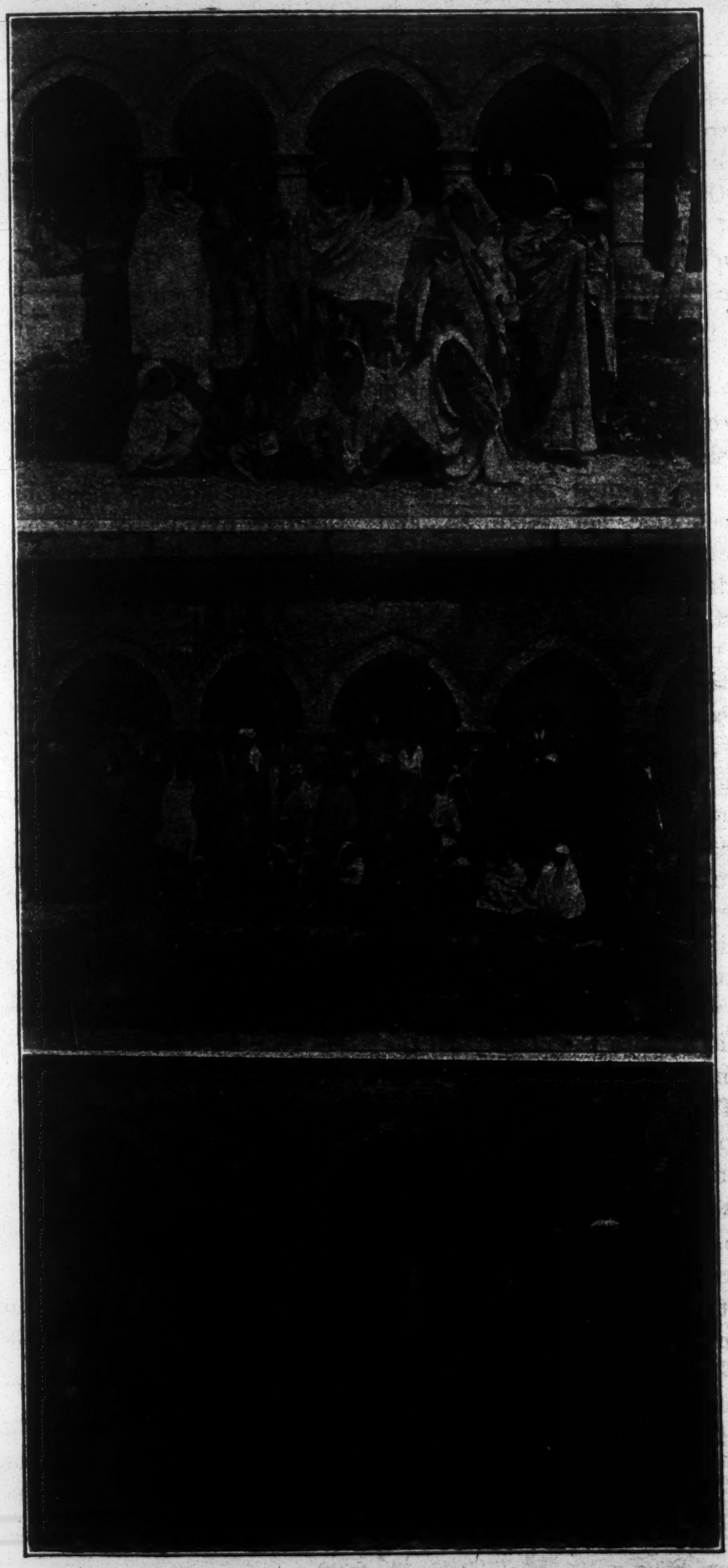
But where was the happy anticipation of the bride? After all what is marriage to the Mohammedan girl? No feeling of joy over the fact that she is now to live with the one whom Fate has set aside for her since she was a baby. No love for him who is now to become her master.

The day before the wedding came bringing with it the friends and relatives to spend the night with the family. What a night! Revelling, excitement, and dancing until the coming of the dawn told them that it was time to prepare for the events of the festive day. The breakfast was served about noon. No expense was spared in its preparation, delicious Indian food, well cooked and seasoned, and plenty of candy, sugar and spices.

Then every one began to think about getting ready for the ceremony which was to take place at four o'clock in the afternoon. The guests donned their most elaborate attire. The women wore dresses of native style, all colors shades and tints; many were hand embroidered, some in pure gold. What a gay picture they made! Their faces were painted and powdered, and they wore in their hair wreaths of flowers to match their costumes.

The women all gathered together in one courtyard, while the men were in another part of the house. The latter were seated about on the verandah eating candy, sugar and spices. The groom, his brother, and all his male cousins were in a small room having prayers with a Mohammedan priest, an old man with hair and beard dyed red, and wearing a long robe which gave evidence of once having been white. The groom was in English attire, excepting that over his head (as well as that of each of the boys with him) was a wreath about three inches wide made of long beads, and with fringes of gold and silver threads two or three feet long hanging down all round.

The poor bride! While the women were thoroughly enjoying themselves,



1. Leper women who are Christians in the asylum at Rawalpindi.
2. Inmates of the leper asylum in Rawalpindi; Dr. R. R. Stewart in charge.
3. Leper men who are Christians in the asylum at Rawalpindi.

she was squatted on the floor on the verandah completely covered with a rose colored silk shawl, interwoven with gold threads. Over the shawl was a wreath like that of the groom, and large enough to go down over her eyes. If you could have peeped under the shawl you would have seen a girl dressed in an Indian costume so heavily embroidered in gold that it was impossible to tell the color of the background. Her shoes, too, were gold, and she wore green silk stockings. Her face was painted and powdered, she had pencilled her eyebrows, and used lipstick. But her eyes were closed. For three days she must see no one. She had no part in the gaiety, and had calmly to sit under her shawl and wait. Once her sister brought a white sheet, and while some of the girls held it over the bride's head, she sifted sugar into it by rubbing together two sugar cones. This is a method of blessing the bride.

There was a continual round of music (if you could honor it by that name). Outside the courtyard a band was playing, while inside, a woman was playing a funny little instrument the bellows of which are worked with one hand and the keys played with the other. To the accompaniment of this the women danced. They skipped around in a circle, clapping hands and stamping their feet much as the children do in their games at home.

Soon the games were broken up by the entrance of the groom still accompanied by the little boys who had been with him in the little room. The bride arose, still keeping the shawl over her face, and the girls brought another white sheet, tied in each corner of which was a small bundle. Later those were opened and the contents—money, sugar, candy, and spices—were distributed to the attending boys.

The next thing to happen was something not on the program. The girl had removed her shoes and her mother said to the groom, "Now you must put them on her, it is our custom." But his mother said "He shan't put them on her, it is not our custom." The act was one of submission to the bride, and his mother decided he should not submit! Who should come out ahead in this first lively dispute between the mothers-in-law? Many, many words were said before the groom's small brother saved the day by quietly stooping over and slipping the shoes on her feet.

A Koran was then brought out, all wrapped in red silk cloth. This one of the girls kissed and placed on the head of the bride. The ceremony now being over, they all went through a long hall to the other side of the house, the bride being led first, the groom right behind her carrying over her head the Koran.

A car was waiting and the bride stepped into the back seat with two or three of her girl friends while the groom took his place in the front. Beautiful embroidered curtains were hung about the car so the girls could not be seen, A few prayers were said, verses recited from the Koran, blessings pronounced on the couple, and the husband and wife started off to his home.

There was at least one grain of comfort for the bride. Her husband had signed over to her two-thirds of his property. Small matter that he was keeping the rest for his second wife! So now another Mohammedan home has been established. Another Mohammedan girl has started the routine life of wife. Surely she and her sisters need our help and our prayers.

AN ACCOUNT OF A HINDU WEDDING.

By Miss Chambeli Seigel.

GENERALLY speaking amongst us Hindus the question of marriage whether of a boy or a girl is settled entirely by the parents though some modifications of this custom have taken place now among the more educated and advanced families. I wish here to give an account of a Hindu marriage from the time of betrothal to the end of the wedding ceremony.

The selection of the boy is made by the girls' father and that of the girl is made by the boy's mother, but both the boy and the girl are neither allowed to see nor to correspond with each other before the wedding celebration. When the selection of the pair has been made the parents of the girl send some sweets wrapped in a red cloth and a few rupees (the number varies according to the status of the family) to the boy's father through their family barber. As previous information is given to the boy's family of the barber's arrival they do not allow the man to enter their house until a little oil has been poured on both sides of their entrance door (this is considered to be very auspicious).

After this the boy's father takes the barber to his house and makes him sit in his best room where the man hands over the presents (which he has brought from the girl's father) to the boy's father in the presence of all his relatives who are especially invited for the occasion. A big plate of sweets with some rupees is given to the barber and after entertaining him with a sumptuous feast the boy's father sends the barber back with a silk sari and red khaddar dupatta as a present for the girl. When the barber departs the boy's father distributes sweets among his relatives and at night gives them a grand feast.

The barber then goes back to the girls house with the presents which are worn by the girl in the presence of all the female friends and relatives of the family. After this the girl's parents invite both the male and female relatives of the boy to their house on a certain fixed day. The invited guests are given a grand feast on their arrival at the girl's house, and when they depart they are given rupees and trays full of sweets. The boy however is not allowed to come to the bride's house before the wedding day. This ends the betrothal ceremony.

After this both the parties consult their respective Pundits and according to their advice fix a date for the celebration of the wedding. A formal invitation is sent however by the bride's father to the bridegroom's father about fifteen days before the date of marriage informing him of the time when the actual ceremony is to take place, and also the number of guests that he is to bring to the bride's home at the wedding.

This is practically the beginning of a Hindu Wedding. On this day both parties issue invitation cards to their friends and relatives and also summon *halwais* to come and make sweets in their respective homes for the wedding guests. The distribution of sweets among the friends and relatives of both parties too begin about 15 days before the wedding. The guests in both the houses arrive a day or two after this and then the wedding feasts and rejoicings begin.

About three days before the wedding the bride as well as the bridegroom both distribute food among the poor in their respective homes. From this day up to the evening of the wedding day (our weddings are almost always celebrated at night) both the bride as well as the bridegroom are not allowed to change

their clothes, to walk about alone, and also to quit their house.

On the morning of the wedding day all the men relatives and friends of the bride's father go to receive the bridegroom and his party at the railway station and bring them to a new house prepared especially for their reception. The bride's father provides the bridegroom's party with everything that they need at his own expense for all the days that they remain his guests, but they are not allowed to have their food at the bride's house until after the actual wedding ceremony is over. Before that time the marriage party are fed and entertained in the house in which they are lodged.

When the bridegroom and his party have arrived in the town in which the bride lives then the bride's parents summon their Pundit to their house, and while he reads some *Vedic mantras* the bride is made to wear some ivory bangles which her maternal uncle has brought for her. After this the bride's father distributes food among the orphans and other poor people who have been invited especially for this occasion.

Soon after this ceremony the bridegroom's father sends a silk *sari* with some sweets, dates, and nuts to the bride's house, and the brother-in-law of the bridegroom with music accompanies these things. When these people reach the bride's house they are taken inside where the bride's father after keeping a few of the things sent to him, gives some money and sweets to the brother-in-law of the bridegroom and then sends them back.

At night about four or five hours before the wedding the bridegroom is made to have a bath after which he wears white clothes and some gold and flower garlands are tied round his forehead, he is given a sword in his hand and is made to ride on a beautifully well decorated horse (sent by the bride's father). When this is done the music and fireworks which the boy's father has hired for the wedding, and all the guests that he has invited, accompany the bridegroom to the bride's house in a grand procession.

They make a halt before the bride's house where all the men relatives of the bride go to receive the bridegroom's party. The father and all the men relatives of the bride give money and sweets to the bridegroom's relatives, and then send them all back keeping only the bridegroom in their house.

When the bridegroom enters the bride's house her sisters and friends beat him with flower garlands and joke with him for a short time, after this they take him to the room in which the bride sits. All the women of the house assemble in this room and a big brass plate with some milk in it is placed before the bridegroom and the bride. The family barber's wife then puts into this brass plate a rupee and a ring and asks the bride and bridegroom to find it by turns. This ceremony is repeated seven times and after that the bride and the bridegroom open each others fists tightly gripped together to try their respective strengths.

When this ceremony is over the bride's brother takes away the bridegroom to another room where they both have their dinner. In the meantime the bride has a bath after which her hair is combed and she is made to wear red clothes either of silk or *khaddar*.

The place where the wedding ceremony is to take place is worth seeing for it is the best decorated place in the whole house. About two days before the wedding the bride's father has

seven poles fixed in the compound of his house enclosing a place in which eight persons can sit easily. On the wedding evening these poles are beautifully decorated with green leaves and fresh flowers, fruits and pearls all of which are tied to the poles. Moreover electric light bulbs are attached to these poles so that the whole place gets illumined most beautifully. The tops of these poles are connected together with garlands, some made of flowers and some of pearls, but all interwoven with each other. In the middle of this place (enclosed by the poles) a small pit is dug in which fire is lighted, and two cushions are placed on either of the two opposite sides. On one side on these cushions sit the bride and bridegroom, and on the other side two *Pundits* (one of whom belongs to the boy's and the other to the girl's family) who are invited to have the wedding celebrated.

All the men and women relatives of the bride surround this place, and then the *puja,* or wedding ceremony begins and continues for about three hours. The *Pundits* read the *Vedic mantras* which are repeated by the bride and the bridegroom after them, the bride's face is covered by a thick veil all the while. While the *puja* ceremony is taking place the *Pundits* as well as the bridegroom and the bride pour *ghee* and incense on the fire which is kept burning in their midst for all the time that the ceremony lasts.

After about two hours of *puja* have been over the bride and the bridegroom both are made to walk four times around the fire, after which they both interchange their cushions and sit down again.

The bridegroom as well as the bride are then made to take seven oaths of fidelity to each other, and then the bride's parents formally entrust their daughter to her husband's care by taking some water in their hands and then pouring it on the hands of the bridegroom. The pouring of water is a symbol to denote that the parents responsibility of the girl's care has been shifted on to that of her husband.

This being over the bride's father invites the bridegroom's sister and father both to his house. When the bridegroom's sister comes to the bride's house she mixes some *saferon* in water which she pours on the ground just before the *havan-kund* (fire pit) and then she is given some rupees and a silk dress as a present from the bride's mother. The father-in-law of the bride puts garlands and flowers on both his son and daughter-in-law, and then gives the bride a gold necklace as a present. Both parties then set aside some money to be distributed among the poor by the bride as well as the bridegroom. This ends the wedding ceremony.

For two days after this the bridegroom's party are given grand feasts both day and night at the bride's house. On the third day at about two o'clock in the afternoon the bride's father puts all the dowry that he has to give his daughter in a room where it is seen by his friends and relatives. On this same evening the father-in-law of the bride brings all the presents that he has to give to the bride to her house.

Towards sunset the bride's father hands over a list of the things that he has given to his daughter to his son-in-law, and after that the wedding party with the girl and her dowry depart to their house. The most pathetic part of the whole ceremony is the time when the bride leaves her father's house in a *doli* following her husband with her dowry and her friends and relatives who accompany her for a short distance with

their hearts full of feelings and tears in their eyes.

The bride is brought to her new house with music, and when she enters the house her mother-in-law after pouring some oil on her doorway takes the bride to a specially prepared room. At this time there is a great stir and bustle going on in the bride's father-in-law's house, for every body is very anxious to see her. The mother-in-law presents the bride with some jewelry and then she lifts up the bride's veil to see the bride's face. When the mother-in-law has seen the bride the rest of the female friends and relatives of the family see the bride after giving her presents.

The bridegroom however is not allowed to see the bride before the evening of this day. Three days after this the bride's mother invites her daughter and her new relatives to her house and gives them rupees and sweets again.

Thus ends our wedding celebration, though the feasts for the bride and the bridegroom continue on for a number of days. The invited guests of both the families usually depart on the same day on which the bride goes to her new house.

Sari— one piece dress of an Indian lady, worn draped round the body and over the head for a veil.

Khaddar dupatta—head dress of Indian-woven cotton cloth.

Pundits—Hindu priests.

Halwais—professional sweetmeat makers.

Puja—religious ceremony, or worship.

Vedic mantras—passages from the Vedas, the Hindu religious books.

Ghee—melted and clarified butter.

Saferon—saffron.

Havan-kund—fire pit.

Doli—a small bed hung on poles and carried by men on their shoulders.

We are very much indebted to the Hindu lady who has so kindly written the account of their wedding ceremonies. She is a college girl, and has taken her course in the Kinnaird College for Women in Lahore. Ed.

MATRIMONIAL NOTICES

WANTED. A suitable match for an energetic Sikh young man of respectable family, graduate, very brilliant future. No caste restrictions. One who wants to send him to foreign country need apply.

WANTED suitable matches for the undermentioned widows belonging to respectable families. Candidates must be well educated and settled in life.

1079 Arroa, aged 20, has studied up to F. A.

1073 Khatri, aged 7.

1049 Brahman Sarsut, aged 16.

924 Arora (Sikh) aged 16 (one daughter of three years).

983 Brahman, aged 15, candidate must be of Patiala State.

984 Aggarwal, aged 18, candidate must be of United Province.

1018 Khatri (Khosla) aged 30, is well educated, candidate's monthly income should be not less that Rs. 300.

1061 Arora (Sikh) aged 13, candidate must be Sikh under 25 and of Sialkot District.

Apply to B. A., Honorary Secretary, Vidhva Sahaik Sabha, Lahore.

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We Make Couples.

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and Girls, belonging to respectable families. When in need of suitable match (either six) apply with full particulars to, Secretary, The Hindu Marriage Bureau, Anarkali, Lahore.

* * * * * * * * * * *

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Note—The above notices were taken from a prominent paper published in English in the Punjab.

AN INDIAN BAZAAR

A Sketch.

By Prof. Thomas Clark Pollock.

THE thing to be remembered is that this is life, teeming toiling, milling life. It is as crowded with vitality as are a cloud of starlings when they cover the sky, as are a mass of larvae swarming on the surface of stagnant water.

Life is the predominant chord; an insistant, inescapable impression, like the recurring rhythm in a march of Sousa's or the pervading purples of a Maxfield Parrish canvas. This is all the more remarkable when we note the conditions through which the life struggles, conditions which, given alone, would seem to inhabit human existence. Humanity has a surprising fecundity.

* * * *

The picture must first be painted in dusts and khakis, fly-specked, with glittering sunshine for the high lights and filthy dustiness, or cool shadows for the dark. Later the bazaar will be deep browns and greys and purples with twinkling lamps, and the squalor will be hidden in mystery. Now there is sunshine and dust, and open filth.

It is mid-afternoon, and as I leave the verandah and mount my bicycle the heat leaps from the brown earth to strike me, and the sun glares at the darkness of my goggles. I turn out of the compound on the road towards the bazaar. A tonga races past with a thud of hooves, and a lorry lumbers in its wake, immersing the world in a sudden great cloud of dustiness. I clasp my handkerchief to my face and peddle rapidly.

A dip and a turn in the road and the bazaar unexpectedly engulfs me. I catch my breath as one does when the elevated train crashes in the subway; I am never prepared for the suddenness of the bazaar.

The road seems alive with figures from the Arabian Nights wandering aimlessly between the shops which line the thorofare. I ply the bell vigorously, and a half-naked Indian child runs screaming to a house front, barely escaping a tumble into the open sewer-way which takes the place of a side walk. An occasional tonga fights its way through the crowd with much bell clanging and vocal warning. Every where is noise and tumult. I cannot understand the words, but voices are universal; an angry shout, a cursed defiance, the rapid-fire of sarcastic bargaining, the high pitched feminine volley of maternal reproof, insane laughter, the laughing of comradeship, the screams and calls of children, the hawking of vendors, and through all the indefinable rustle and half-articulated presence of massed humanity.

I pass the tinware bazaar, a row of tiny hovels, exhibiting silver-gleaming wares on fronting porches, with kettles and pans hanging from the rude gunny-sack awning. The cycling is more difficult. One must avoid not only the ubiquitous and irresponsible traffic but

also the jagged bits of tin which lie sprinkled in the dust. Abruptly comes the wood market, open courts high-stacked with piles of lumber, each yard accented on the one side by a pair of nearly naked Sikh carpenters sawing after the native fashion, and on the other by a pair of heavy iron scales.

There is a short cut to the cloth bazaar through a tortuous alley, so I dismount and turn upwards from the road, avoiding the swarms of flies which sunless canyon, but the air is not good, and flies hover around the sewer in the middle of the wall. I swing my wheel across it as the trail twists upward.

A Mohammedan purdah woman, completely veiled, disappears through a dark doorway. These are purdah houses, many of the women inside have seen nothing save their rooms and this alley for years, for a life time. I think of the girls I know in America, of my sisters, and ponder.

BAZAAR PREACHING

cover the greens and reds and yellows of the near-by fruit market. I climb a bricked pathway between two high frowning buildings. Women and children are sitting in the open doorways, with bare feet slipped into native shoes. Some of the bolder boys call "Salaam, Sahib," while the women and girls stare curiously, or cover their faces with quick swishes of their *chaddars*. From the barred upper windows eyes occasionally peer, faces never. It is cooler in this

A vast difference, a life here of which I know nothing, cannot and may not. Life here hidden, confined; yet the faces are not all unhappy. Some of the bolder Sikh matrons on the door steps are comely, seemingly contented. I hear tales of great beauty behind the forbidden doors. Some that I see are too smugly satisfied, but I remember how I rebelled at the smug satisfaction of many Americans. Part and parcel of the same life, but vastly different. I catch

glimpses of sullen blind alleys which narrowly open as I pass. I sympathize more with the Indian boys who find my allusions to Mill and Hume and Aristotle, given in a strange tongue, hard to follow, I am alien.

I bump into a heavily bearded Sikh gentleman, who draws back and mutters happily under his breath. Instinctively I apologize. One must keep awake.

The pathway opens on to the higher bazaar with a final twist and I lean my wheel against the waist high platform which is the waiting room of Kakoo Shad's cloth shop. Two Hindu dandies who are seated on the platform bench regard me speculatively as I step up. Suddenly there is a rushing of wings, and what seems to be an enormous animal fills the air. I spring back, startled, and see that a large, tame hawk which had been sitting quietly on the wrist of the more sophisticated man about town has stretched itself with a rapid wing shaking. I eye the bird with interest, noting the decorative bells and chains, and endeavor to make appropriate appreciative gestures, while the men of fashion smile at my sudden movement.

The outer shop, which gives on the platform, is about two yards square, entirely open on the front side, and entirely walled with bolts of cloth on the other three sides, save for a doorway in the back through which a boy is bringing vivid orange and green silks. A wrinkled woman is squatting unveiled on the floor, fingering different pieces, and cackling continuously in what I take to be her best bargaining manner. The placid merchant sits cross legged in a corner of the stall, black cash box at his elbow, a calm island in a heaving sea of linens and drills and silks. His customer completes her business, tests her change carefully and deliberately, returns a doubtful rupee, gathers her material in her arms, and with a final volley makes for the street. One of the young bloods examines tussore shirtings with an experienced eye as I make my purchase. I am certain that I pay an anna or two over the right price per yard, which goes as a toll to my ignorance of the vernacular.

The street is perhaps fifteen feet wide, and jostles like the Broadwalk of an Easter Sunday. On each side are packed shops with varied and vivid stocks, little two-by-four cubby holes, where endlessly sit cross legged merchants among piles of goods. The advertisements are in Persian and Roman character, and a newly painted sign post on the opposite side of the street catches my eye.

IMPERIAL PUNJAB BAND
WILL PLAY ON ALL AND EVERY
OCCASIONS
Good Music
and
"ELEGANT UNIFORMS"

Weird brass noises are coming from an upper balcony, and I infer that the Imperial Band is practicing. This comes as something of a revelation. It had never occurred to me that Indian bands ever practiced.

I watch the crowds for a minute before I venture out again. A tall Pathan passes, and I regard him admiringly. His lithe frame ripples with muscle under the thin white shirt, and I like the straightness of him, and the glistening of his black hair, bobbed at the neck. His face has the clean, open look that reminds of mountains. Before him waddles a huge, oily Hindu Babu, with a loosely wound turban over his smirking, ingratiating face. The crowd swallows them up and they become a part of the eddying, gesticulating stream, with its

counter current of small school boys, books balanced on head, who dart to and fro. I start through the mass on foot, past a sweeper woman who with bent back is plying a long hand broom and creating a small dust storm, when I catch sight of one of my erstwhile students, a keen young Mussalman, who is making his way towards me. "Good evening, Sir," he says eagerly, and when I return the salute turns on me a flood of respectful questions. I counter with as much of my past history and present business as I think convenient, and he walks complacently beside me, proud to be seen as the sole companion of a Professor Sahib, who is, as he will later carefully explain, not a Government Sahib. He pilots me to the next street, where I mount my wheel and "Thank you, sir"-ing and "Goodbye, after the inevitable hand shaking and sir"-ing start for home.

My way takes me past the sweetmeat shops, where piled baskets of greasy dainties are open to the air. Children flock around the vendor with their pice, and I wonder how they live to grow up in such a fly infested place. But the sweets are good, and they chew happily, spitting out the pulp of the sugarcane and red splashes of *pan*. There seem to be thousands of shops, all tiny, all pressing the street, all with squatting merchants, all busy, all fly covered, and the brown, turbaned crowd is endless. A stooping water carrier, goat-skin bag slung across his back, sluices water with a swinging boay motion. The dust leaps from the ground as the water strikes it. A holy bull noses towards me, I dismount rapidly to avoid a collision. The crowd jostles on.

* * * *

In the evening the lamps will be lit, the shop fronts will be closed, and rope-strung beds will be dragged to the warm road-side. There will be strange sounds, and hideous cries, intrigue, I know, and wickedness. But that is all that I will know. I am alien.

Jhelum, Punjab, India,

Mrs. J. B. Hill, Treasurer,
Women's Board of Foreign Missions,
1531 Denniston Avenue,
Pittsburgh,
Pennsylvania.

Dear Mrs. Hill:—

At the meeting of the Rawalpindi Women's Presbyterial, of the U.P. Church, American Mission, Punjab, India, in Sargodha during the month of March, it was voted to make Mrs. Shahbaz, one of our most lovable and earnest Christian women of the Punjab Church, a Life Member of the Women's General Missionary Society.

Thus, in accordance with the action taken, I am enclosing herewith a Draft for $25.00 (Twenty-five dollars) to cover the membership fee.

In order that you might have a more personal acquaintance with Mrs. Shahbaz, we are enclosing a photograph. (See frontispiece). She came from an unusual and aristocratic Mohammedan family; both she and her husband suffered severe persecution at the time of their baptism. They were leaders in the Church life of India for years, it was Mr. Shahbaz who translated and versified the Psalms—first into the Urdu language and later in Punjabi.

Mrs. Shahbaz is a woman of unique personality, and is now working as an Assistant to Miss Emma Dean Anderson in our Home for women and children in Gurdaspur.

Sincerely yours,
OLIVE I. BROWN,
Treas, Rawalpindi Women's Presbyterial.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

SUDAN

Mrs. D. S. Oyler, Editor.

American Mission, Doleib Hill, Malakal, Sudan.

THE VISIT OF DR. ANDERSON AND DR. CLELAND TO SUDAN.

July and August are the months when the rain falls in the northern Sudan and when the rains come we expect to hear of railway washouts and delayed trains. Consequently the missionaries at Khartum Station were deeply interested in the arrival of trains and the amount of rainfall this year. Why? Because we expected Dr. Anderson and Dr. Cleland to arrive in Khartum on the semi-weekly express reaching Khartum the night of August 4th, with arrangements for taking the boat for the south enroute for Doleib Hill on the morning of August 6th. They would have a margin of 36 hours if there were no washouts. The week before a train had been delayed two days, and the train following the one on which they came as we have since learned stood in the desert halfway between Halfa and Khartum for eleven days.) Would they arrive in time for the boat? If not it would mean a delay of 14 days in Khartum, no meeting of Association as planned and a revision of their schedule. So we waited and prayed confident that they were praying as well as the many other interested friends at home and abroad who were looking to God to prosper the delegation in their visit to the Mission fields. The night before the date of arrival the heaviest rain of the season fell. A telegram from Dr. Anderson at Halfa read, "Delayed at Halfa, coming by first express." But it was all in the hands of the one who controls the wind and the rain and the plans of men. They arrived 18 hours late but with time for a night's rest after their strenuous journey.

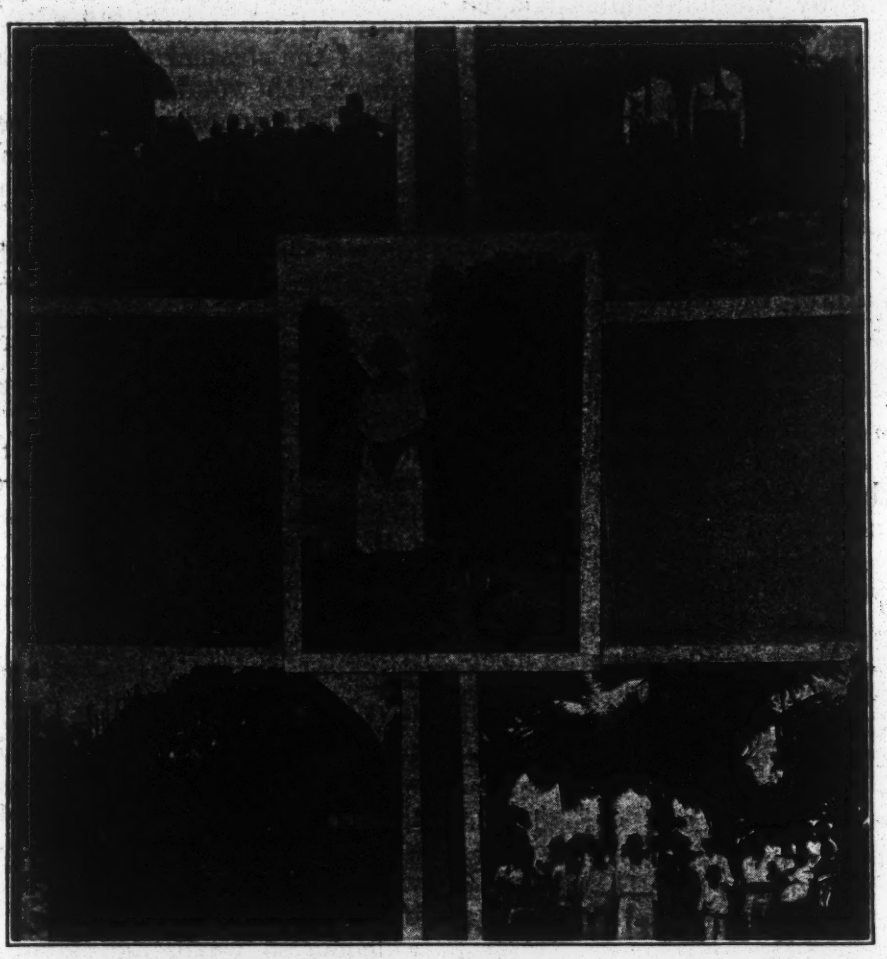
A group of seven missionaries gathered with the delegation from the Board on the White Nile Steamer on Monday morning to begin the trip of eight days to Doleib Hill where it had been arranged to hold the annual meeting of our Sudan Association. This river trip can be extremely uncomfortable at times from the intense heat and the reflection from the water and the food and water are often bad but this trip was exceptional. A heavy rain began to fall before we were out of sight of Khartum and almost every day there was a shower to cool the air in consequence of which we at times found sweaters and steamer rugs comfortable and the food was very good. We felt that God was planning for us better than we had had faith to hope. Each evening we gathered on top of the steamer to watch the glory of sunsets too wonderful for words to describe. Hippopotami and crocodiles and birds of many kinds added to the interest of the scene. But this was only the physical side. How can we tell of the blessed seasons of spiritual fellowship as we gathered from an hour to an hour and a half in the mosquito proof room on the top of the steamer each morning! Here were discussed the needs of our work and our people, our individual needs, and plans to make the most of the visit of the Foreign Board's delegation. Each day we had a short Bible message followed by a prayer service. On Sabbath morning Dr. Anderson led the service which was attended by all including the two officers and the other passenger on the boat.

On Tuesday at 4 P. M. the boat steamed up to the Doleib Hill landing where a group of missionaries including the delegates from Nasser and Sayo and a crowd of picturesque looking Shullas were waiting to welcome us. I wonder if anywhere else in the world is there a welcome so warm and genuine as that given by the missionaries in a lonely station to their fellow missionaries who at times have occasion to accept their hospitality. But the joy of this occasion was enhanced by the presence of our visitors from the Foreign Board. After hearty greetings, we scattered, some of us to be entertained in the Oyler home and some in the Heasty home. We were sorry that Mr. and Mrs. Guthrie and family were absent on a much needed vacation.

It was hard to realize that we were in a land of naked blacks in the depths of Africa so far from all other marks of civilization as we sat down to the bounti-

ful suppers prepared for us. Early the next morning we assembled in Association meeting and for nine busy days we listened to reports and discussed with Dr. Anderson and Dr. Cleland our plans of advance for the next ten years. Dr. Giffen gave the opening address using Phil. 3:13 and 14, an inspiring missionary message. Each morning at the devotional hour, Dr. Anderson brought us a message from Philippians. These were times of real heart searching as we thought of that mighty founder for the foreign mission enterprise, suffering but always rejoicing, confident that He who had begun a good work in that little body of believers at Philippi would complete it. On the closing day each one gave some thought from the epistle that had been helpful and there was evident the working of the spirit in all hearts as we went through this wonderful letter with Dr. Anderson.

One event that will always remain in the memory of each of us was the service held in the little Church on the first Sabbath of our visit. It was the occasion of the baptism of eight Shulla young men and the first girl convert. She was the child of the first convert in the south hence the first one of the second generation to accept Christ. On the Church floor sat about 280 semi-naked Shullas all picturesquely bedecked with feathers, ivory rings and bracelets their hair moulded in various designs. All spears had been stacked outside the Church, a martial array. The group of 16 Shulla Christians were in front. As Dr. Giffen looked over that audience he was deeply moved as he recalled the time over 20 years ago when



1. "Going home from Church," Doleib Hill.
2. Mr. Oyler and his Shulla workmen.
3. Miss Denney and one of the Shulla workmen.
4. Sudan Association Doleib Hill, August 1923. Dr. Anderson and Dr. Cleland of the Foreign Board in this group.

he first came to Doleib Hill. It was inspiring to hear them join so heartily in singing the Shulla psalms. Solemn indeed were our thoughts as Mr. Heasty administered the rite of baptism to these souls reclaimed from paganism and we were filled with gratitude to God for the privilege of fellowship at the Lord's table with these black brethren.

The son of a former king came 20 miles to see "the man who had built the foreigner's village," Dr. Giffen. The king of the Shullas sent a leopard skin the best gift they know to "the big chief," Dr. Anderson and a beautiful Shulla club to the man "on whom the big chief's feet rest," that is his assistant, Dr. Cleland. One of the princes sent a sheep to Mr. Oyler with orders to feed" "the big travelers." Thus the Shullas united their efforts with those of the missionaries to make the visit a happy one. As I write we are waiting for the steamer to arrive that will take us back to Khartum and those from Nasser and Sayo with the delegation from the Board will have to wait four days for the steamer that will carry them south. We look forward to the visit of Dr. Anderson and Dr. Cleland with us in Khartum.

LABOR TROUBLES AT NASSER.

By H. B. Gephardt.

The work done at Nasser had been very heavy for the missionaries, who were located there, and since a heavy building program had been planned for this year the Sudan association decided to send an industrial missionary to the station. He had been put through a strenuous apprenticeship in America, where the idea of the cave man seems to prevail at times in industrial affairs. So before beginning his work the new industrial missionary promised himself that he would be kind and loving to the poor, ignorant folks, and not treat his help as he himself had been treated in the "Land of the Free."

He had also spent a time with working people at Khartum and in Abyssinia and felt that he knew some of the ways of the African laborer, but he was not prepared for some of the obstacles which met him at Nasser. One of these was the Anuak pipe. The Anuaks are reputed to be hard workers, and they are surely big and strong enough as a rule. Shortly after the industrial missionary (hereafter for the sake of brevity we shall call him the "i. m,") took up his duties at Nasser a number of these Anuaks came down from the wilds near Abyssinia and wanted to work. Nuers were scarce and work was plentiful, so they were set to dig a well. Three or four of them worked while the others in the group sat around and took turns at smoking a grand, old pipe they had. The "i. m." said nothing for a day or two—in fact he was not able to say anything in the Anuak language, but he observed that a few of them did most of the work while the others did most of the smoking. Of course their wages were only about thirteen cents a day! So the i. m made them understand by signs that he was not pleased with their smoking but he would be lenient with them, and all men not actually engaged in smoking the one pipe should work. They seemed to understand and speeded up for half a day.

Upon looking about among the workmen he observed that where there was a group of men there was likely to be a pipe with one man smoking it, and at least one man waiting for his turn. This would not do at all, so the i. m. got an interpeter to deliver a talk on the sin of smoking, especially during working hours. The men put on a look of injured surprise, and kept on smoking. The i. m. pressed the matter, and insisted that they must not smoke during working hours. What an awful man he was! But of course he did not really mean what he said. Wasn't it alright to smoke, and didn't they get dreadfully tired from such work, and didn't they have to rest! Of course the boss was very hard-hearted, and failed to see how the speed at which they worked should tire any one. The next time he saw a man smoking a pipe he confiscated it, and hid it behind some furniture in his house. After work the man was very humble and promised not to smoke during working hours, so the pipe was returned to him. The next day the boss saw two other pipes, and confiscated them also.

This time there was an uproar from another quarter. The "i. m's." wife commanded him to take the evil smelling pipes out of the house and so they were locked up in the store-room, where they reposed for a day or two.

This had some effect, but did not break up the time honored practice for the men would smoke around the corner and hide the pipe as soon as the i. m. approached. It became sort of a game to see how long a man could smoke and not have his pipe impounded. At last the i. m. became so exasperated that he threw all the pipes into the river! It must be admitted that this act did not agree with his resolutions to be kind and loving, but it stopped the smoking business.

Well, the i. m. had had experience with various industrial organizations and he wanted to organize his work also. The number of workmen quickly grew to 150-180, and such a large number was difficult to handle in an unorganized mass. There was the sand gang, and the wood gang, and the well gang, and the boat gang, etc., but perhaps the most troublesome was the mule gang.

This gang consisted of a mule and a cart, and three or four Nuers. Their job was to haul dirt for the new residence. The mule had not been hitched up for a year and had forgotten all about carts and harness and things. It took three men to hold the mule while the i. m. put on the harness. There was some doubt as to which the mule was the most afraid of, the harness or the strange, white man. The white man also had some doubts as to which were the more nervous, the mule or the Nuers. But at last the mule was harnessed, and the next job was to hitch it to the cart which proved more of a problem than putting on the harness. The mule could not be induced to back into the shafts, and the next attempt was to hold the mule and bring up the the cart. Part of the gang held the mule while others carefully brought up the cart, but when the cart arrived the mule was not there. After repeated efforts the cart was at last securely hooked to the harness, and then the i. m. made the mistake of handing the reins to a Nuer. Now most Nuers handle mules about as often as a child in America handles a circus elephant, and this fellow Tawn was no exception. When he took the reins he had no idea what to do. The mule started off on the run, and Tawn instead of holding back on the reins, ran along with the mule. Oh, how they did run. They barely missed a barbed wire fence, and several small trees, and went tearing past the doctor's house, with i. m. and the rest of the gang decidedly in the rear.

The mule shook off Tawn or some how left him behind, and ran to his heart's content. It made a detour of the peanut field and came back toward the house where it was captured, and strange to say the cart and the harness were still attached to it. Tawn sat under a tree and gasped for a long time. Then the i. m. and the rest of the gang gathered around the mule and tried to soothe it, the white man using the few words of Nuer which he knew. The men expressed surprise that the spoke to the animal in Nuer. "Why? Doesn't the mule know Nuer?" "Does a chicken know Nuer? The Nuer language is very difficult. The mule may know English or Arabic, but it doesn't know Nuer." Apparently this was the truth judging from its behavior. During this whole performance the Nuers scarcely laughed. Perhaps they did not think it polite to do so, but one fellow grinned till the tears stood in his eyes.

(CONCLUDED IN DECEMBER ISSUE)

EDITORIAL.

MRS. GEORGE M. MOORE, Editor, Xenia, Ohio.

DOES LOYALTY COUNT FOR ANYTHING?

The Women's General Missionary Society of, The United Presbyterian Church is a dependable factor in the Church. There is nothing in the history of our Church where the women have projected any issue that would bring to its membership any cause for fear of disloyalty to the principles distinguishing our Church. Any one that has followed the program constituting the organization and development of women's work, as an auxilliary to the larger work of the Church must know that the women have kept their fidelity, not only as a principle, in membership but greater still believing they had a foundation for their belief and practice based upon "the Holy scriptures of the Old and New Testament to be the Word of God as the infallible and only rule of faith and practice," hence there has never been any thing to interfere with their harmony and belief. The whole purpose of the organization of our Women's Missionary Societies is to advance the Kingdom of Jesus Christ in this world. The growth of this society has been happy and fruitful in all its undertakings. There has never been any questioning about its right to increase its usefulness. The Women's General Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian Church has invested large faith in its own denomination, always trusting to its belief and creed. It seems there could hardly be a purpose for such an organization, or denomination if it could not anchor itself to some distinctive principles and belief and be loyal to them.

The Women of the United Presbyterian Church, have enjoyed the strong support of the intelligent advance the Church has made in its missionary propaganda. It seems as if Divine favor has led the whole enterprise so wonderfully, as the Church has established itself in the Missionary Movement of this Century. Not only in support of missions but also in the giving of sons and daughters unreservedly for service, the comparison of which with any other denomination is creditable. The "407 Movement" and "New World Movement" of our Church have been important influences to bring our Church, in principle and practice, to its mission and purpose for existence. There was inaugurated in these missionary movements a new life and a truer fidelity to the Church. In all this experience the women of the Church have always been dependable factors.

Now in the midst of all the Church's forward movement and love for its own distinctive principles there comes into the house-hold of the United Presbyterian Church a proposition that has a weakening effect upon the principles of the Church. If it prevails the membership of the United Presbyterian Church will never be so dependable again. If this denomination yields to the popular notions that are prevailing today, namely to make Church membership a name

and not a purpose if it is to conform to the plans suitable for "others," then we question its place and purpose in the future.

Furthermore there is a lack of Christian equity and justice to the women membership of the United Presbyterian Church that they will have no voice in the decision of how the Church will dispose of some of the propositions now thrust upon her. The women will not be allowed to vote either "aye or nay" on a proposition affecting them equally with the men—The Women because of their years of intelligent development along the fundamental issues of Church membership, the years of unfailing devotion to the prime factors making Church membership a reality, not a formality, yet these same women will have neither voice or choice when the issue is made. It seems to some of us we will have difficulty in mantaining our foreign mission teaching upholding equal rights for all christian womanhood in the plan of Christianity. A compromise with the world never wins anything for the Church. Fidelity and loyalty in Church membership is the only rule for practice. We do not see that there will be any need of the United Presbyterian Church when its membership has no reputation for the distinctive principles that founded that denomination. Has the United Presbyterian Church relinquished its place in its practice? The time was when the name of this Psalm singing Church stood for fidelity to its distinctive principles. The world is laughing at the Psalm singing Church because of its eagerness to not only sing uninspired songs in praise, as well as mutilate the Psalms to suit modern tunes, but also because of the apparent apology of some for having "peculiar views" concerning their Church. There is a host of young people in the United Presbyterian Church who have never heard of the distinctive principles of the Church, and many of them are the children by heritage of the Psalmody of worship. We think in view of all the disorder in the world, of all the imperfection of teaching today, in view of the inroad the world is making into our belief, we think the United Presbyterian Church, had better strengthen its stakes and fasten its moorings instead of spending so much of its energy to adopt modern methods.

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The Psalms of David should be sung to simple and unestentatious music, then their edifying and inspiring sentiments will not be confused and drowned in the volume of discord for which they never harmonized.

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"Psalms are suitable to any revival, no revival can be a true revival that does not give God all the praise."

"To sing these Psalms and not send them forth to other nations is calling down God's judgment upon ourselves."

THE WILL OF GOD IN THE ORDINANCE OF PRAISE

Rev. R. J. Miller, D. D.

There is but one question to consider in determining what should be the matter of praise—"What is pleasing to our Heavenly Father?" All merely prudential questions must give precedence to this great, overshadowing query, "What is the revealed will of God in the matter?" Obedience to His will is the very essence of all acceptable worship. "To obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams."

Much is said and written in these days about responding to even "the slightest indications of the Father's will." Every new discovery in art or science teaches the necessity of exact obedience to established laws if we would reap beneficial results. Every time you adjust your steam boiler, your electric bell, or your radio, you are reminded of this fact. And God has promised His Holy Spirit to them who obey Him (Acts 5:32).

Has God given any intimations as to what is pleasing to Him in the songs which we offer to Him in praise? During a period of one thousand years—from the deliverance from Egypt to the return from Babylon—God was preparing a book of praises to be sung to His Church. More numerous testimonies have been written and spoken concerning the excellence and completeness of the Psalter than concerning any other part of the Bible. The psalms celebrate every attribute of God's perfections. They voice every need of the human soul. With a psalm our Lord celebrated the feast that would commemorate His death. With a psalm He voiced His deepest anguish on the cross. With a psalm He gave back His spirit to His Father. And the example of our Lord is equivalent to law.

What do we see in the churches today? Those which have permitted the use of uninspired songs have so completely set aside God's wonderful provision that from one year's end to another the voice of a psalm is seldom heard. Can it be pleasing to God that this wonderful provision He has made should thus give way to songs of man's own providing?

Are we ready as a church to take the step that will result in the end in putting aside the gracious provision God made for His own glory and for the good of His worshipers?

It is said that our law on psalmody is not being enforced; therefore let it be repealed. This pleading—if effective—would remove every law from the statute books, human and divine. Let us begin to enforce the law by indoctrination concerning it.

"The United Presbyterian Church has no future with this limitation." Why not? Is God dead? Have His promises failed? The Church has made all the progress she has already achieved with this limitation. Why should progress cease at this peculiar crisis? Is not God's Word still the fire and the hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?

THE INDIA SPECIAL.

We doubt if there is a more literary gem to be found in any magazine than the first article in this number by Miss Ella McArthur. The most picturesque trip to the valley of Kashmir, one of India's many beautiful spots. Following this trip with Miss McArthur are pages of the best material for reading that can be found anywhere. Every article is superb in style. We congratulate and thank Mrs. E. L. Porter, Rawal Pindi, India, for this visit to India and her successful effort to give to the readers of the Magazine, India in picture and story,

Indeed we can not find any where more interesting missionary material than is given in the "Special Numbers." Every one of our missionaries appreciate and give their best for the Magazine—We are always fascinated with the story of the wonderful land and people of India. Surely this number, as well as past issues will be read with great interest and profit.

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OUR OWN INDIA GIRLS.

You will meet Elizabeth Campbell of India a name sake for Mrs. H. C. Campbell (Foreign Secretary of Women's Board.) Page 212.

Miss Campbell has received her education in our mission schools in India. She is now in the White Memorial Hospital Pasrur—A handsome efficient young woman, the product of our own Christian Missions—And also Martha Hill, (page 215) named for Mrs. J. B. Hill, Treasurer of the Women's Board—a convert from Mohammedanism who has been trained in the Ludhiana women's Medical College, for nursing, she also is in the White Memorial Hospital—standing with Martha Hill, to her left, is Ray Kumari a high caste Hindu convert who is a much valued Bible Woman at Gujranwala. Her presence at the Bible Women's Training School each year is a benediction, she is a firm believer in prayer. There are a great host of other young women in our schools in India preparing for christian life, whether in the school or in future homes. Do Missions pay? Yes a thousand fold. For Christian Missions is the plan for Jesus Christ to his Church.

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To the Women of the W. G. M. S.

When our Indians wished to express the thought of some impelling duty, they would say, with a characteristic jesture—"It stands up before me:" some matters along the line of duty have assumed the perpendicular recently, which makes it necessary for me to give up field work for this year at least.

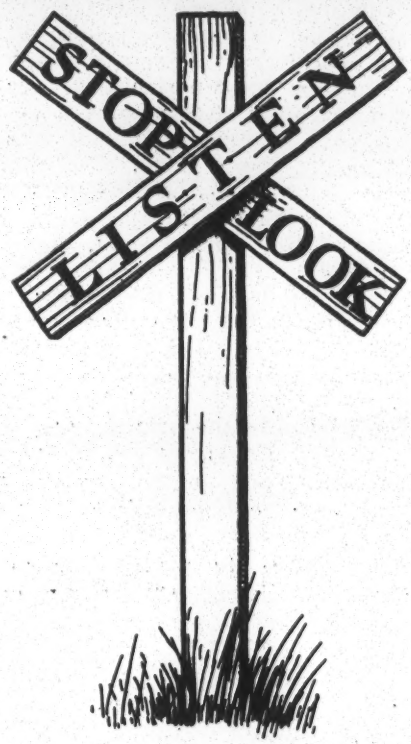
After more than nineteen years of service in the Field, amid associations dear as life, it is not an easy thing to sever relations with our Board of Directors and the goodly army of women behind them: however I shall hope to keep in communication with you through the MAGAZINE and personal letters. With Mrs. Moore's permission, there will be an *"Efficiency Corner,"* having to do with the Ten Points and other subjects in connection with our work in general: please write freely: your problems answered, may help others.

With heart-felt thanks, and appreciation of your loving kindness and tender ministry through the years that are past,

Faithfully yours, in His service, JEANNETTE C. ALTER.

THANK-OFFERING DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY MRS. O. H. MILLIGAN.
Thank-offering Secretary.
805 Taylor Avenue, Avalon, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Business Address: 905 Publication Building, Ninth St., Pittsburgh, Pa.



AT LIFE'S DAILY CROSSINGS.

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Did you forget something?
Have you received a gift?
Did you say, "Thank you?"
Has any blessing come to you today?
Who was the giver?
Did you appreciate the gift?
Is that the first blessing you ever received?
If the giver of all blessings withheld His hand, what would be your condition?
Are you thankful you know that Jesus Christ died for you?
Are you interested in the millions that have never heard of Him?
Are you doing all in your power to win the World for Christ?
Are you praying for the work and the workers?
Are you giving that the work may go on?
Are you working to interest others in His work?
Are you willing to GO?
Are you willing to LET GO?
Recount the many blessings in your lives. Even the blessings of one day are more than we ever realized.
Did you count your health and strength as His blessing?
Perhaps some are saying, "I have been sick." Are you thankful for your spared life? He has given you longer time for His service.
Probably you had to spend some time in a hospital. Thank him that there was a place where you could have all the kindness and careful nursing you needed.
You could not have had such attention in countries where Jesus Christ is not known.
Did you count a Christian physician as one of your blessings?
You did not have to suffer torture in order that the "evil spirit" might be driven away, or endure untold agonies at the hand of the witch doctor.
Did you count your home a blessing? Many housewives think of the endless toil to keep the homes properly and lose sight of the great blessing of home and loved ones with the real joy of working for their happiness.
Have you counted you church home as one of your blessings?

Can we realize what it would mean to have no churches?
Did you count your missionary society as one GREAT BIG BLESSING?
Are you present at each meeting and take some part and thus prove a blessing to the other members?
Just sit down now and LOOK around you. LOOK into your heart experiences and find out how many, many things for which you should be thankful.

L After making our survey let us listen to God speaking to us in His Word.
For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life. John 3:16.

I For all things come of thee, and of thine own have we given thee. 1 Chron. 29:14.
Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: Give thanks to him and bless his name. Psalm 100:4.

S Giving thanks always for all things in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ to God, even the father. Ephesians 5:21.

T I will praise the name of God with a song, and will magnify him with thanksgiving. Psalm 69:30.
Give unto the Lord, ye kindreds of the people, give unto the Lord glory and strength. Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name: Bring an offering

E and come into his courts. Psalm 96:7, 8.
Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields, that they are white already unto harvest. John 4:35.

N Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine: so neither can ye, except ye abide in me. John 15:4.
God's word is full of commends to us and instruction for us in our service to Him. May we each give Him a time daily in order that He may help us through His word.
If we are willing to go where He wants us to go and to do what He wants to do, we are assured of His richest blessing upon us every day.

WOMEN'S GIFTS.

The women of our denomination have always been active in all the work of their congregations. They contribute generously to the expenses of the congregation and through the Missionary Budget support all Boards of the Church. This missionary money for the different Boards they pay through the treasurer of the congregation, who sends it to the Financial Agent of the presbytery and it is forwared by him to the treasurer of the General Council, where it is disbursed to the Home Board (including Freedmen's Board and Church Extension Board), Board of Education. Board of Ministerial Relief, and Foreign Board.

All women are interested in the wellfare of all Boards and have contributed to the support of all.

Thirty six thousand and five, or about one third of the women membership of our Church are members of Women and Young Women's Missionary Societies. These missionary societies were organized to disseminate information concerning the churches' great missionary opportunity and their contributions to their societies help to support the work assigned to the women by the General Assembly. God has so abundantly blessed the work the women carry on that it has been and is an essential in supplying the fields with workers and means to maintain splendid missionary work of the United Presbyterian church at home and abroad.

The amount given by the women to the Missionary Budget in their congregations weekly is much larger than the amount contributed monthly to the missionary society, as many congregational treasurers have testified.

After a woman has contributed to all Boards through the congregation, there is surely no reason why she may not out of gratitude to God give her love offering too. She gives this thank offering because God has done so much for her. He has placed her in a land where womenhood is respected and in homes where she is loved.

Our gratitude for this blessing overflows as we think of the conditions in countries where Christ is not known. In those countries a girl baby is unwelcomed at birth, untaught in childhood, unloved in wifehood, unrespected in mother-

hood, uncherished in old age and unlamented at death.

We should come this year with our added gift of gratitude for special blessings given our work. God answered the united prayers of the women and every department of our women's work received a great blessing.

Mother's were made willing for children to enter His service. Lives were dedicated to Him for service wherever He wills. New prayer groups were organized and a large number of women met in united prayer for all work and all workers.

Why should not every women whether a member of the missionary society or not come and present her gratitude to God for His manifold blessings. The thank-offerings presented in the closing months of the year are the accummulated thank-offerings of the year. God's blessings to us are daily and we express our gratitude daily by putting our coins in the Thank-offering box. If the stories of the accummulated offerings could be told it would melt the heart of many. The offerings are made up of pennies, nickles, dimes, quarters and larger pieces, each piece spells sacrifice and love. These offerings went into the box because the giver went without some thing she needed often giving up some real neccessity. Giving up the price of a meal, or a car fare, doing some extra work, hard as it may be, in order to have a gift to give to Her Master. He has done so much for her and she has great joy in giving her thank-offering. If she is willing to make the sacrifice for this gift, after she has given to her congregation, we know she will receive a blessing and joy that can not be taken from her.

When the thank-offerings are all gathered in this year, a splendid expression of our gratitude to God, and are disbursed where the needs of others are so great, they themselves become a reason for thanksgiving among those who thereby hear the gospel. How applicable to our Thank-offering and its use are the splendid words of Paul when he commends the liberality of the Corinthians.

"And he that supplieth seed to the sower and bread for food, shall supply and multiply your seed for sowing, and increase the fruits of your righteousness: ye being enriched in everything unto all liberality, which worketh through us thanksgiving to God. For the ministration of this service not only filleth up the measure of the wants of the saints, but aboundeth also through many thanksgivings unto God; seeing that through the proving of you by this ministration they glorify God for the obedience of your confession unto the gospel of Christ, and for the liberality of your contribution unto them and unto all; while they themselves also, with supplication on your behalf, long after you by reason of the exceeding grace of God in you. Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift. 2 Corinthians 9:10-15.

Thank-Offering Questions for November Missionary meeting.

A gift is as a precious stone in the eyes of him that hath it; whithersoever it turneth, it prospereth.—Pro. 17:8.

1. What disbursement was made of the last Thank-offering?
2. Why cannot the Thank-offering be used to make up the Missionary Budget of any congregation?
3. Can the Thank-offering be used for any purchase in the local congregation?
4. Does the giving of a large Thank-offering lessen the amount given to other causes? Why?
5. How can we increase our own interest in missions?

"Gratitude is the fairest blossom which springs from the soul; and the heart of man knoweth none more fragrant."

Many societies have used the questions in each monthly meeting this year and have been interested and blessed. If any societies want something for each program they can find nothing better than the questions arranged by Mrs. Arthur R. Charles of the Young Women's society of the Homewood congregation.

(Send for the set, planned for ten meetings. Please send orders to 905 Publication Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Presbyterial Secretaries'.

On September fourth there were mailed to you sufficient report blanks for each society in your presbyterial, two yellow blanks for your presbyterial report and a postal card to be filled in at once and mailed to the General Secretary.

Forty two cards have been returned, seventeen still not received. A letter has gone to each of the seventeen. If the presbyterial has a new secretary or the address of the secretary has been changed please notify at once and we will send another set of report blanks. We are praying for an abundant outpouring of gratitude to God this year and a report from each society.

YOUNG WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

Edited by the Young Women's General Secretary,
MISS IDA B. LITTLE,

MOTTO: "YOU CANNOT HASTEN SUCCESS BY HURRYING."
AIM: MOVE IN A STRAIGHT LINE. "A STRAIGHT LINE IS THE SHORTEST DISTANCE BETWEEN TWO POINTS."

YOUNG WOMEN'S SPECIAL WORK FOR 1922—1923.

Pasrur Girl's Boarding School, India. Support asked, $4,324. Salaries of three missionaries in Home Fields: Miss Johnson: Supt. Henderson Hospital, Henderson, N. C. Mrs. Mary Magee: Matron of Dormitory, Frenchburg, Ky. Miss Sawhill: City Missionary, Spokane, Washington.

Amount asked, $2,440. Total askings, $6,764. Each society is asked to contribute at the rate of $1.00 per member.

Methods

Perhaps you are seeking some way through which to create more interest in your missionary meetings. It is well to know at the outstart though, that just method is not all of success motive and work entering very largely into the final results. But for the present, let us think of method for a short time.

The arrangement of the audience as related to the presentation of the program has much to do with the spirit of the service; but what may be a good order for the program period may prove very inadequate or positively impossible for the social hour.

If the audience be seated "churchwise" and those taking part on the program present their talks from *somewhere* in the audience, you will find little interest among the listeners, for *eye-to-eye is* what inspires. Again, the speaker needs to see her audience in order to be inspiring.

For practical purposes, every audience should be compact; not only compact, but it should be reasonably close to the speaker. If you wish to be cruel to your pastor or other speaker, allow the front pews to remain empty, the audience filling the rear seats. Empty pews or seats are to a speaker what a fire extinguisher is to the blaze, a destroyer.

Again, a circle is a very inadequate method for a public meeting. It is something which knows no end and offers no point of contact. It forbids that eye-to-eye contact so necessary for impression. No speaker can be a revolving camera, receiving a good likness of the whole company. As a matter of fact, the impression comes to the camera by degrees. Then the camera is seeking something for itself—it is a receiver—while the speaker is a dispenser, giving out the impression to others. A speaker, in order to make the strongest impact, should be in position to give the whole audience impression at one time.

The circle is therefore a *very poor* medium through which to work. There is charm in the circle for the social group, but not for program or business period.

Let us do the sensible thing in our Church meetings as in other gatherings. If the method be simple even to the seating of the audience and if it makes for greater success, why not use it? If you have a good method, pass it on. Let the Magazine know about it. Some other society may benefit from trying it.

This corner is for the use of EVERY society. Will you not give a thought to it?

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

MRS. H. C. CAMPBELL, Secretary, 340 S. Hiland Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Letters from Dr. Lambie tell us that Mr. and Mrs. West are now living in their bungalow and are very comfortable, and happily settled.

Work is also rapidly progressing on the residence for Dr. Lambie and family It will be a much larger building than the first mentioned, because it is probable that two of our young ladies may have their home with the Lambies' for a time.

Men are also busy at work getting stones from the quarry conveyed to the site for the new hospital. In short the building operations are progressing as rapidly as possible.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Douglas are planning to sail with Miss Hazel Ewing in November, probably about the thirtieth. Mr. Douglas is planning to spend at least two weeks in Pittsburgh with Mr. Beatty our architect, going over the plans and getting thoroughly informed as to the amount of material that it will be necessary to buy and ship from this country.

Dr.Lambie thinks he has found an electrician and a plumber, which will be a great help.

Arrangements will be made as soon as possible for the purchase of all kinds of equipment, operating-room tables, instruments, bedside tables, beds for wards and private rooms, bedding, etc. We are delighted to report that quite a number of societies are asking for instructions concerning materials that may be made by our good women. Sheets should be seventy or seventy-two inches wide and ninety inches long, finished, making hems alike at both ends. White spreads of striped white material, not as heavy as pique, should be made the same size. Cotton and half cotton blankets can all be used about two yards wide and two and one-half yards long. Pillow cases should be twenty-four inches by thirty-six inches when finished. Bleached or unbleached muslin may be used for sheets and pillow cases. Towels of all kinds and descriptions will be acceptable and very useful. We will need thousands of them. They can be made of all kinds of material, crash, Turkish toweling, even good cotton towels will fit in. Some napkins about twenty-two and one-half or twenty-three inches square will be very acceptable, and also tray cloths. In short, everything in cotton and linen that can be utilized in the home will be very helpful in the hospital. Sheets for children's beds should be about one and one-half yards wide and one and three-quarters long, hems alike at both ends, with the spread the same.

Do not ship any of these articles until further notice. At present writing Dr. Lambie will have no place in which they can be stored. We are just giving you the advance information because it takes time to collect them together, and we know that not a great deal can be done until after the holidays.

Word from Egypt conveys the welcome information that the Community House for Women's work in Tanta is being rapidly pushed. Because the municipality had run several streets crosswise through our property, the Mission advised us to buy an additional strip of land on the North side, making the front wider. The Board authorized this purchase made, as Mr. J. J. Porter left a bequest in his will for the school which amounted to forty-five hundred dollars net. Mr. Bell thought the property could be bought for that sum or a little less.

The annual meeting of the Sudan Mission was held in Doleib Hill. All hearts were rejoiced at the presence of Dr. Anderson and Dr. Cleland with them. Nothing gives commissioners as good an opinion and as much information concerning the work as attendance at an annual meeting. After a brief visit through the Sudan Dr. Anderson and Dr. Cleland joined the party for India at Port Sudan. A cable has been received that all arrived safely in Bombay on October thirteenth. This would get them to the Punjab in time for the annual meeting there. We can imagine the glad welcome they would receive.

Sometime early in November Dr. Cleland is to have the pleasure of uniting in marriage his niece, Miss Laura Cleland, and the Rev. Mr. McArthur. It

is unusual for a bride as far away as India to have an uncle from America perform the ceremony and a sister newly arrived to fill her place in our vacant ranks of lady missionaries. Our best wishes accompany Miss Cleland and her husband as they establish their new home.

Doctors and nurses are our greatest need at present writing. They need a nurse in Sayo to take Miss Beatty's place when she comes on furlough, and also one is needed in Nasser to fill Miss Soule's vacancy when she comes on furlough. A doctor and a nurse are both needed in Doleib Hill at once. Another is needed in Khartum North to relieve Miss Turk. In short, wherever in any of our fields we have one nurse or one doctor, we should have two. In India conditions are just as bad. Dr. White will be coming home on furlough early in 1924, and Dr. Simpson is now in this country, which will leave Dr. Hunsberger alone for our four hospitals. Pray that nurses and doctors may be called of God to enter these important and needy fields.

Teams in the interest of the New World Movement, composed of foreign missionaries, are out in our Western and Northwestern Synods, completing their itinerary the latter part of November. Most encouraging letters are being received from the missionaries, themselves, and from the people who have been privileged to attend the meetings. The missionaries say, "We are getting wonderful receptions everywhere, splendid attendance, generous and loving hospitality, and, in answer to the prayers of God's people, are being kept in health, with no accidents nor danger of any kind." The people are writing, "We are so glad the deputation came. It was such a joy to meet the missionaries and to hear them tell their stories face to face. They are so interesting." We know that a deeper interest in foreign missions and the New World Movement must result because of these meetings everywhere. At this writing teams have gone out from the Board of Home Missions and Board of Church Extension, accompanied by several of our Board members. It is too early yet to hear of results. Pray that all these deputations and all these meetings may be accompanied by the power of the Holy Spirit, that saints may be edified and sinners converted, thereby building up the Church in stronger faith and greater devotion to the Master than ever before.

There are about one hundred thousand women in the membership of our Church. In fact the majority of the Church members are women. Can we imagine the blessing that would come if everyone of us were faithful and devoted to the Throne, real intercessors? Pray that the Lord will have His way and make us all willing followers in these times of unrest. It is a great comfort and joy to remember that although we have no vote in Presbyteries, our Leader is always ready to hear and answer the voice of our petitions.

WE declare that it is the will of God that the songs contained in the book of Psalms be sung in His worship, both public and private, to the end of the world: and in singing God's praise these songs should be employed to the exclusion of the devotional compositions of uninspired men...—Art. XVIII of testimony of the United Presbyterian Church.

FREEDMEN'S MISSIONS.

MRS. ADA KERR WILSON, Secretary, 510 McNair Avenue, Wilkinsburg, Pa.

The Mary Clokey Porter dormitory for girls at Millers Ferry, Ala., will be completed and ready to be occupied by November 1st. There has been unavoidable delay in building, because of the scarcity of laborers in that section, so many of that class of colored workers are coming North.

Philadelphia Presbyterial had a "shower of money" at its spring meeting and forwarded a nice check to secure window shades for the entire building. The Juniors of this society, not to be outdone, gave a pageant, the last one written by Mrs. Porter, which was both a social and financial success. Many members of the presbyterial were in attendance and the sum realized was over one hundred dollars. This was forwarded with the request that it be used to purchase a "clock and gongs" for the new building in memory of their beloved Mrs. Mary Clokey Porter. What a beautiful idea! We will carry out their request and secure the best clock and loudest gongs on sale.

The schools are all open for the term and from every station reporting, they have unusually large attendance.

Knoxville Hospital is closed—No superintendent has been secured so far, but we are in correspondence with a young lady and we hope by the next report that our hospital will be opened. Both doctors and people are anxious to have it in operation again.

The farmer at Prairie reports the very worst year for crops in his experience. The people are in debt and things look rather blue. Landlords all around are doing all they can to help their tenants, in order to keep them, so many are migrating North.

Chase City reports an enrollment of 300 with quite an increase in the number of boarding pupils.

We like to have our students in the dormitories for there they get an education in christian home life that is impossible to give a day scholar.

Townsville, one of our community schools, reports a splendid opening with a promising outlook. The crops there are somewhat better than last year, but the people somehow keep behind on account of the "Crop lien system." In view of this condition second hand clothing will be needed and much appreciated. Indeed there are but few of our stations, that will not need this help.

Henderson reports prospects for a good year with a number more pupils in the High School than at this time last year.

Pray for this department, for in it we hope to assist our country in solving one of its greatest problems, by christianizing and educating a people who may become one of its greatest assets.

Miscellaneous Gifts

For July, August and September.

Center Church	$ 14.65
Philathea Class	75.00
A friend	50.00
Convention Offering	177.34
Mrs. Young	5.00
Steubenville Presbytery (Frenchburg)	70.00
Fourth Cleveland Y. W. M. S. (Frenchburg)	20.00
Mrs. G. H. Anderson	.40
A friend	20.00
E. Trimble	30.00
Ne Plus Ultra Class	50.00
Boys' Class, Elmwood S. S.	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Crawford	100.00
Mrs. Brandon's S. S. Class	25.00
Kate Mateer	5.00
Shadyside Cong.	100.00
Primary Dept., Elmwood S. S.	4.72
A friend	5.00
A. B. Hamilton	100.00
Conemaugh Y. P. C. U.	10.00
Mrs. Mary C. Graham	6.00
Henrietta Cowden	7.55
Luxor Girls, Detroit, Mich.	35.00
Try Circle Class	10.00
Lucile Harmon	75.00
Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Cornack	250.00
"Priscilla Sisters" Class	10.00
Women's Bible Class, Sewickley	25.00
Swanwick Congregation	72.60
Total	$1354.26

HOME MISSIONS.

MRS. WM. S. COOK, Secretary, 1201 6th Ave., Beaver Falls, Pa.

After five years of faithful devoted loving service to the work at Frenchburg, Ky., Rev. W. J. Giffin resigned to attend the Biblical Seminary in New York City. The Board very reluctantly accepted his resignation which took effect August first. Much had been accomplished during his time of service and the work in all departments was in excellent condition. We were most fortunate in securing Rev. H. Ray Shear of Dalton O., to accept the position made vacant by Mr. Giffin's resignation. He was on the field by the first of August and the work went on without a break.

School opened with an enrollment of 163 in grades and 38 in High School. The enrollment has since reached 225. There are 18 boys and 24 girls in the dormitory. Mrs. Nesbitt is the matron in charge. Many improvements were made on the Campus during the summer vacation. The music and sewing departments continue to be popular.

The Hospital has been a busy place. Dr. Mitchell has worked very hard. She is dreaming of a small addition to the hospital. We hope her dream will come true. So far 15 full scholarships have been granted and three halves. Fifty dollars will keep a student in school for the full nine months. Mr. Shear writes "I like the work and am praying that my strength may be spared to do all that is required. Mr. Gordon has the bulk of the school work to oversee, but there is still a big job for a full sized man, which amounts to about too jobs for me. Every minute is full of human interest, and I am eager under God to build up a body of splendid Christian manhood and womanhood out of this life that has been entrusted to us teachers and workers at Frenchburg. Pray for us all." I pass this request on to you.

City Missions.

At the request of Puget Sound Presbytery, Miss Fay Taylor was appointed missionary for that Presbytery, to work where most needed. Her first field is Dashon Point, Wash.

Miss Theresa Lippert has been doing good faithful work in 2nd Church San Francisco, Cal. Rev. Emmet Alter is now in charge of this congregation, and Presbytery will find another location for Miss Lippert.

Miss Ella Montgomery closed her work in Alliance, O., the West Side Mission now being united with the first church. Two of our missionaries, Miss Montgomery and Miss Ruth Findley are waiting for "calls."

SAVE AMERICA

The *National Committee of One Hundred for Law Enforcement* has issued an attractive and valuable book of 128 pages, in which is included an astonishing amount of verified material pertaining to the present breaking down of law, especially along the line of prohibition. Elizabeth Tilton, Legislative Chairman of the *Congress of Mothers.* and *Parent-Teacher Association*, is the editor. Perhaps no woman in America is better qualified to prepare such a book. She is well known through her articles in *The Survey* and her *National Service in Charities and Corrections.*

In addition to the department of Law Enforcement and Ammunition, Mrs. Tilton has secured articles by the following writers, Kathleen Norris, Ida Tarbell, Honorable Mabel Willebrant, Mary Anderson, of the Women's Bureau of Labor, Lady Astor, Prof. Henry Farnam of Yale, Mrs. Pennybacker, Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart, and we must not omit the most valuable articles of all by Mrs. Tilton herself on The Battle for Race Survival, America's Natural Faults, Depths, Shallows and personal Liberty.

Part IV of SAVE AMERICA presents methods for using the book and gives a series of programs including debates and a pageant which may be used in any church, club, educational or patriotic group.

We urge women this year to concentrate upon this effort and distribute copies of this book, securing its study everywhere in meetings and lecture courses throughout the country. Price 25 cents per copy, including postage. The book may be secured from our own Board headquarters, or 302 Ford Building, Boston, Mass.

BIBLE READINGS FOR WOMEN'S AND YOUNG WOMEN'S ORGANIZATIONS AND MISSION CIRCLES.

BIBLE READINGS

A committee has been appointed to prepare readings for the coming year. Circumstances have hindered a meeting of this committee. There will appear, possibly in the December issue of the Magazine, the first of these readings.

It is to be hoped that the readings and the Bible questions will be largely used.

Answers to Bible Questions, 1—25.

1. Shimei (2 Sam. 16:13).
2. Jonathan (1 Sam. 14:24-45).
3. Samuel (1 Sam. 28:19).
4. Joshua (Josh. 10:24)
5. Elisha (2 Kings 13:16, 17.)
6. The wife of Samson (Judg. 14:17.)
7. The Gibeonites (Josh. 9:11, 15, 27.)
8. The sacred perfume of the tabernacle if made for private use. (Ex 30:34-38).
9. Love (Solomon's Song 8:6-7.)
10. Prov. 6:10, 11.
11. Prov. 23:21.
12. Gehazi (2 Kings 5:27.)
13. 1 Sam. 17:36; 2 Sam. 23:20; Judg. 14:6.
14. Judg. 12:6.
15. 1 Sam. 18:25-27. 2 Sam. 3:15. 1 Sam. 6:16, 20-23. (Michal.
16. Prov. 18:24.
17. Jonah 4:7.
18. Job 28.
19. 2 Kings 2:16-18.
20. Ezek. 2:9, 10; 3:1, 2.
21. Gen. 19:26.
22. 2. Kings 20:4-6.
23. Esther 1 to 10.
24. 2 Sam. 17:17-19.
25. 2 Kings 3:17, 22, 23.

NOVEMBER QUESTIONS.

26. Who defended a bean-patch against an army?

27. What mighty men risked their lives for a drink of water, and what became of the water?

28. Who laughed at angels?

29. What woman gained a gold ring, a bracelet and a husband because of her politeness?

30. What hero fought a giant unarmed, and killed him with his own spear?

31. What two men stormed a fort and defeated a garrison?

32. What general made a fortune out of earrings?

33. When did the sword of a dead giant cause the death of an innocent man?

34. What giant had six fingers on each hand and what became of him?

35. What man found a kingdom while looking for some lost donkeys?

36. Whose lives were saved by a scarlet thread?

37. What slave-boy engineered a successful corner in wheat?

38. Who drove away an invading army by a song?

39. When did politeness save fifty-one men from death by fire?

40. What prophet wept to see a man's bloody future in his face?

41. What general was cured because he listened to a little slave girl?

42. Who was killed and guarded by a lion?

43. Who won a dinner and a wife by standing up for seven girls against a lot of bullies?

44. What baby became a prince by crying at the right time?

45. When did five golden mice help save a nation?

46. Who paid for a man's head with their own hands and feet?

47. What men were allowed to ransom their lives with their right eyes?

48. What man escaped from a trap by sticking to his work?

49. What broken oath was punished by three years of famine and caused the death of the descendants of him who broke it?

50. Who lent her child to the Lord for life and what interest did she receive on the loan?

FIELD SECRETARY NOTES.

MISS KATE HILL, 904 Publication Bldg., 209 9th St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

PRAYER—ITS POWER.

"Away in foreign lands they wondered how
Their simple words had power;
At home—the Christians two and three
Had met to pray an hour."

Come ye apart. Tuesday 10 A. M.

Prayer Group reported from Eureka, Texas, Mrs. Mary Patterson correspondent.

Life Membership Tea.

Richmond, Indiana reports the first Life Membership Tea, held Oct. 6, 1923. Next?

Twenty-fifth Anniversary.

Wisconsin Presbyterial is already making plans to celebrate their 25th Anniversary June 1924. Has *your* Presbyterial ever celebrated an anniversary?

Resolution II. Los Angeles Convention. "That we work and plan till the slogan 'A Magazine in every home' be realized."

Figures from *Your* Presbytery.

"A Magazine in Every Home."

Gibson, Des Moines Presbytery reports, "A Magazine in Every Home." Membership of congregation 40. Magazines 31. How was it accomplished. Used a Magazine Fund.

Xenia Presbytery has been having a Magazine Drive to close at Presbytery Oct. 18.

Chicago Presbyterial adopted as its "Plan of Work." "Double the membership in every society." "Double Magazine subscriptions."

Your Problem.

Take the membership of your congregation divide it by five. The result is the number of families and your G O A L for Magazine Subscriptions. Who will be first? Send in reports.

Can it be done?

The number of members 165,000 in the United Presbyterian Church divided by five gives 33,000 families. Last year 12,841 subscribers were reported. Is the *goal* set on page "Figures from your Presbytery" too high?

Tennessee.

Tennesse more than doubled theirs last year—see figures. Their delegate at Los Angeles told the Convention that at Knoxville they had a Magazine Fund. She was so determined every family should have a Magazine that during the summer she made pies for the Magazine Fund!!

OTTAWA KANSAS

"A Magazine in every home" is reported and list sent to the Treasurer of the Magazine. This is their *third Year*. They say "It can be done!"

MISSIONARY REVIEW OF THE WORLD
WOMEN'S MISSIONARY MAGAZINE
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SEND ORDERS TO THE WOMEN'S MISSIONARY MAGAZINE,
XENIA, OHIO.

READ THE NEXT PAGE!

HOW WE SUBSCRIBED AS TAKEN FROM THE STATISTICAL REPORT 1923.

Many societies are now making the "Goal" a Magazine in every home—Send report of your work to Kate Hill for publication in the Magazine.

Presbytery	Members	Families	Magazines 1922	Magazines 1923	Gain	Loss	Goal
Albany	1618	323	126	97		29	
Allegheny	12104	2421	683	747	63		
Argyle	2033	406	188	178		10	
Arkansas Valley	2005	401	239	198		31	
Beaver Valley	6874	1315	512	478		36	
Big Springs	1062	212	107	136	29		
Boston	3662	732	88	146	58		
Butler	4995	999	414	417		3	
Caledonia	3481	696	233	214		19	
Cedar Rapids	1621	326	189	210	21		
Chartiers	6368	696	573	512		61	
Chicago	2563	512	213	200		13	
Cleveland	6983	1396	399	447	48		
College Springs	2555	491	298	317	19		
Colorado	2397	479	253	242		11	
Concordia	418	83	41	41			
Conemaugh	3297	653	220	220			
Delaware	2361	472	194	198	4		
Des Moines	2596	519	276	298	15		
Detroit	1094	218	110	96		14	
Frankfort	675	135		15	15		
Garnett	764	153	82	95	13		
Hudson	2250	450	183	146		17	
Idaho	601	140	93	84		9	
Illinois S.	3765	753	281	206		25	
Indiana	1636	327	193	195	2		
Northern Indiana	421	84	83	70		13	
Kansas City	2258	451	74	166	92		
Keokuk	2461	492	303	291		12	
Lake	2768	552	197	207	10		
Kiskiminetas	3516	703	247	213		34	
Los Angeles	2326	465	231	224		7	
Mansfield	1440	288	112	140	28		
Mercer	3494	699	185	183		2	
Mommouth	2893	578	324	290		34	
Monongahela	17658	3531	1138	1079		59	
Muskingum	4430	886	308	269		39	
New York	1236	247		3	3		
First Ohio	3451	690	287	250		34	
Oklahoma	521	104	79	65		14	
Omaha	1282	256	156	123		33	
Oregon	1452	290	114	113		1	
Pawnee	1162	232	148	172	24		
Philadelphia	7681	1526	426	493	67		
Puget Sound	1521	304	116	145	29		
Rock Island	1495	291	210	199		11	
San Francisco	1491	298	164	149		15	
Sidney	1441	288	116	125	9		
Spokane	902	180	101	115	14		
Steubenville	3167	633	246	209		39	
Tennesee	1116	223	34	81	47		
Texas	299	59	42	32		10	
Uncompahgre	124	25	19	18		1	
Vermont	528	105	51	44		7	
Wisconsin	576	115	121	139	18		
Westmoreland	6849	1369	498	438		60	
Wheeling	2787	557	225	289		44	
Xenia	2655	531	337	308		29	
Total	164996	32999	12816	12841	25		

DOUBLE SUBSCRIPTION LIST OF 1923.

FREEDMEN'S MISSIONS

Athens, Tenn.—Rev. C. H. Wilson.

*Riceville, Tenn.—W. E. Dotson.

Knoxville, Tenn.—Rev. J. Kelly Giffen.

*Camden, Ala.—Rev. W. G. Wilson, Camden, Ala.

*Canton Bend, Ala.—Rev. J. N. Cotton, Camden, Wilcox County, Ala., R. F. D. No. 1.

*Miller's Ferry, Ala.—Rev. C. S. Simpson, Camden, Ala. Mark "For Miller's Ferry."

*Prairie, Ala.—J. W. E. Wade, Postoffice address, Prairie, Ala.; shipping point, Cathrine, Ala.

*Annie Manie, Ala.—Rev. R. P. Williams, Postoffice address, Annie Manie, Ala.; shipping point, Arlington, Ala.

*Bluestone, Va.—Mr. John A. Bouldin, Jeffress, Va.

*Mark "For Bluestone Mission."

*Chase City, Va.—Rev. F. W. Wilson.

*Henderson, Vance Co., N. C. Rev. John A. Cotton, D. D.

*Townsville, N. C.—Prof. W. E. Williams.

This directory is correct, up-to-date, and will carry clothing safely, if correctly followed. Please remember to prepay freight and then write to the principal of the mission at the time of sending and enclose receipted bill of lading.

*Donations of clothing needed. New material and Christmas boxes may be sent to any of the stations. Always put name of society and place inside of box or barrel so that it may be identified and acknowledged.

HOME MISSIONARIES.

Miss Magaret Heazlett, 1241 Fayette St., N. S. ..... Pittsburgh, Pa.
Miss Irene Mechlin, (Allen's) 7313 Hamilton Ave., ... Pittsburgh, Pa.
Miss Grace Welch, (Allen's) ..... Burgettstown, Pa.
Miss Romain Russell, (Allen's) .....Hickory, Pa.
Miss Elizabeth McMillan, 503 Broadway, Pueblo, Colo.
Miss Laura Sawhill, N. 1111 Magnolia St., ... Spokane, Wash.
Mrs. F. C. Metcalf, (Deaf Mutes) 531 E. Couch St., ... Portland, Oregon.
Miss Fay Taylor, 2707 Colby Ave., ...Everett, Wash.
Miss Theresa Lippert, 122 Fair Oaks St., ... San Francisco, Cal.
Mrs. Ada Tracey, 1214 W. 71st. St., Los Angeles, Cal.
Mrs. E. C. Little, 1925 Fifth Ave., ...Los Angeles, Cal.
Miss Irma G. Allen, 122 S. Grevilla Ave., Inglewood, Cal.

WORKERS AMONG THE MOUNTAIN PEOPLE.

Rev. and Mrs. H. Ray Shear, ...Frenchburg, Ky.
Rev. and Mrs. W. P. Gordon, ...Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Esther Mitchell, M. D. .....Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Annetta Nesbitt, ...Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Anna Cubit, ...Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Ada St. Clair, ...Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Olive Hunting, ...Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Riba Thompson, ...Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Ruth Bemis, ...Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Margaretta McKnight, ...Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Jean Fisher, ...Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Grace Hesseltine, ...Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Verda Williams, ...Frenchburg, Ky.
Miss Frances Magee, ...Frenchburg, Ky.
Mrs. Margaret Ure, ...Frenchburg, Ky.

Read this directory carefully when sending barrels or boxes of clothing.

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The Women's Missionary Magazine

XENIA, - - OHIO.

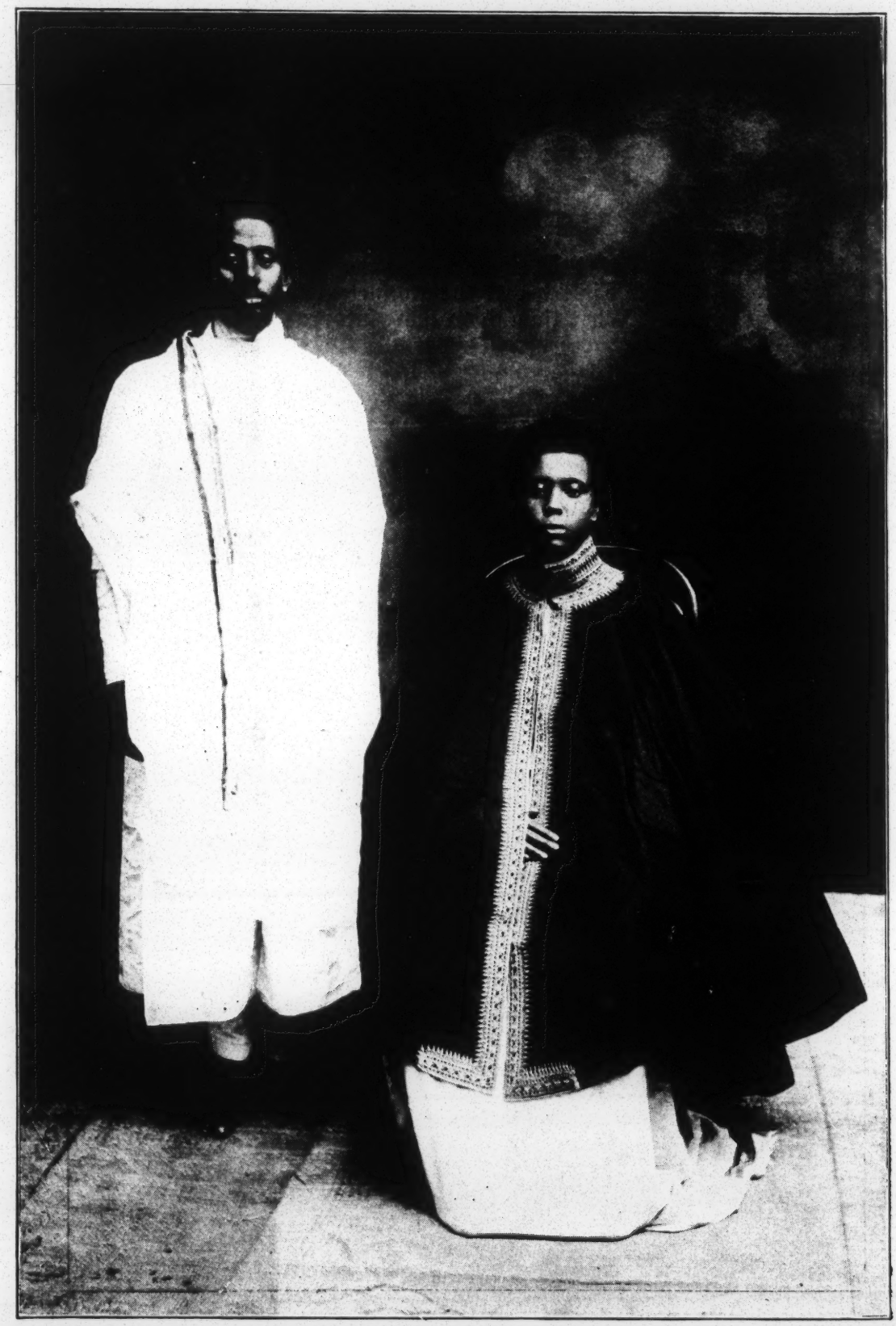
THE SHEPHERDS.

IT was the shepherds of the fold
First heard the wondrous news,
What time upon the wintry wold
They watched their lambs and ewes.
It was the simple shepherd folk
First heard His angels sing,
When from the deeps of midnight broke
Resplendent plume and wing,
And hill and vale to music woke—
"All hail to Christ the King!"

It was the lowly and the poor
That heard the tidings first,
When on the eyes of swain and boor
God's splendid angels burst.
It was the simple shepherds sped
To seek the Holy Child,
Who found Him in His manger bed
Beside His Mother mild,
While Joseph bent in awe his head
And on the Saviour smiled.

Still, would ye seek His place of birth,
Go search in hut and cot!
Not with the proud or great of earth
He casts His kingly lot.
But 'mid the poor the Saviour seek;
There cradled low He lies.
He hideth still among earth's weak
From undiscerning eyes.
Yea, veileth still His Godhead meek
In simple human guise.

—P. J. Coleman in The Columbian.



KENEZMATCH ATENA GORGIS

High Abyssinian official and his wife.